

The American Girl

For All Girls—Published by the Girl Scouts

In this issue

A
New Serial
by
Thomson
Burtis

Edith
Ballinger
Price

Clarice
Detzer

Anne
Hyde
Choate

Alida
Sims
Malkus

Girl Scout
Week
Features



OCTOBER, 1927

Could you use an extra \$1000?

Think of it, one thousand dollars dropped in your lap! \$1000
—to make the way to college easy, to send you on a trip abroad!

... How many wonderful ways to spend it! Right
now, make up your mind to be one of the winners—

1001 cash prizes in POSTUM'S \$10,000 *Contest*

Three big contests in one! 1001 prizes! Three first prizes
of \$1000 each! 998 others of from \$1 to \$500! No tricks!
No stunts! Just a little easy writing! Read the details.
They may well mean a thousand dollars to you!

This is the way to win a wonderful prize — easily!

ALL you need to do is write a letter. Here's the subject that will interest you most of all—"Why I think Instant Postum made with milk is the best hot drink for boys and girls". A subject you could write reams about, if you had to! Instant Postum made with milk . . . the drink that is so delicious, and so good for you, too. The drink that combines healthful elements of whole wheat and bran with the splendid nourishment of milk! The mealtime drink that is made in a moment, with no trouble at all. With a subject like this, you can write a wonderful letter! And yours may win first prize!

More prizes! Hundreds of cash prizes for letters on this subject—"How I make Postum—and why I like it best made my way".

A great many girls have a favorite way of making Postum. Some prefer Postum Cereal, made by boiling. Some like Instant Postum, prepared in the cup. Some like Postum strong, some vote for it weak, while still others like Postum "medium". Tell us how you like *your* Postum—and how you make it. Make your letter a prize-winner!

There's a third group of prizes which your mother or father will most likely want to try for. The subject is—"What the 30-day test of Postum has done for me". Thousands have used Postum in place of caffeine beverages for thirty days, and have kept on using it because of results! Whether your mother and father are life-long users of Postum, or are only beginners, suggest they enter this contest. Hundreds of prizes!

Read the rules on this page . . . Get ready—get set—for Postum's \$10,000 prize contest!

THE JUDGES

U. S. Senator Royal S. Copeland, M. D., former Health Commissioner of New York City; Alice Bradley, Food Editor, Woman's Home Companion; Sarah Field Splint, Home Economics Editor, McCall's Magazine.

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Postum is one of the Post Health Products, which include also Grape-Nuts, Post Toasties, Post's Bran Flakes, and Post's Bran Chocolate. Your grocer sells Postum in two forms—Instant Postum, made instantly in the cup, and Postum Cereal, the kind you boil. If you are not one of the millions who now purchase Postum, you may obtain a sample of either Instant Postum or Postum Cereal by addressing the manufacturer.

SUBJECTS AND PRIZES

1. "Why I think Instant Postum made with milk is the best hot drink for boys and girls."
2. "How I make Postum—and why I like it best made my way."
3. "What the 30-day test of Postum has done for me."
(Letters on any subject not to exceed 300 words in length)

For the best letters on *each* subject: First prize, \$1000; second, \$500; third, \$250; fourth, 3 prizes of \$100 each; fifth, 4 prizes of \$50 each; sixth, 5 prizes of \$25 each; seventh, 10 prizes of \$15 each; eighth, 25 prizes of \$10 each; ninth, 35 prizes of \$5 each; tenth, 35 prizes of \$3 each; eleventh, 68 prizes of \$2 each; twelfth, 146 prizes of \$1 each for first and third subjects, 145 prizes of \$1 each for second subject.

RULES

- 1 You may write on any one or all of the subjects and submit as many entries as you care to.
- 2 Write the subject at the top of the first page of each manuscript you submit.
- 3 Write plainly on one side of the paper only. Neatness counts.
- 4 Write your name and address on each manuscript.
- 5 In case of ties, each tying contestant will be awarded the full amount of each prize tied for.
- 6 Contestants agree to accept the decisions of the judges as final.
- 7 No communications will be acknowledged, and no manuscripts will be returned.
- 8 Employees of the Postum Company, Inc., are not eligible.
- 9 Address envelopes to "P. O. Box 584—R. Battle Creek, Michigan."
- 10 Manuscripts must be received before 5 p.m. December 31, 1927.

(Prizes will be awarded, and the names and addresses of prize winners announced as early as possible in 1928. This contest is not limited to residents of the United States—it is open to everyone everywhere.)



...in Scranton Samters

...and only Samters...
show and sell all Girl
Scouts equipment...and
Boy Scouts too...young
folks floor...second.



At Twelve O'clock on Hallowe'en!

ON the witching night of Hallowe'en at the witching hour of midnight, charms seem to work better than they do at any other time. So, if you want to know your future, just try some of these. They have been used for years by girls all over the world.

The first comes from Scotland and Ireland—and, if you know anything about Ireland, you know that fairies and spells flourish there as they do nowhere else. For it you need three nuts, one named for yourself, and two for boys that you know. Place the nuts before the fire to roast. The one that cracks first and jumps away is faithless as a lover, so beware of him. The other is loyal and true. If your own cracks first, you are the fickle one. If yours and one representing a boy are both quiet, it means that you and he will have a peaceful life together. If the two boys crack together, they are rivals, and if the heat makes them move about restlessly, there is trouble ahead. Chestnuts are good to use for this charm or, if nuts aren't available, peas on a hot shovel.

Of course you know the apple peel charm, in which the peeling, in one piece, is thrown over the left shoulder. If it forms an initial on the floor without breaking, you can be fairly certain—at least, so they say—that that is the initial of your future husband. And the custom of blowing out lighted candles in a row to determine the number of years that will elapse before your marriage is an old one.

When you tire of charms—or run out of them—you can always fall back on Hallowe'en games. Here is a variation of *Consequences*, called *Making a Will*. To play it, you seat the guests in a row and tell them that terrible things may happen at midnight, and that it is best for each of them to write a last will and testament. Papers are passed, and the players are told to write their names at the top and a list of five of their most valued possessions. Then the papers are folded and passed to the next person, who writes a list of five people to whom the possessions are to go. They are folded again and passed, and five uses are written, to which the beneficiaries may put the items they are to receive. When the wills are unfolded and read, they are always amusing.

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voted to Girl and Boy
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middies and bloomers

MAN O' WAR MIDDY

WANT to know a secret? That girl you admire, who looks so dashing in her middy, always wears MAN O' WARS. She knows that a well cut middy can be just as becoming as a smartly tailored suit. She knows that the sloped sides of this trim, becoming middy make it fit better than other middies. Just ask her if her middy hasn't a little green label in the collar with a picture of a battleship and the words "MAN O' WAR". If she isn't *too* good at keeping a secret she will tell you "yes". The A-11 model she wears most of the time is only \$1.50 in snow-white Super-Jean.

Always look for the MAN O' WAR label when you are buying camp, school or gym tugs. It is our guarantee to give you real quality and smart style at the lowest prices possible. If your local store cannot supply you, write us and we will be glad to send you pictures, prices and descriptions of any garments you are interested in and see that you are supplied.

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SCHOOL, CAMP AND GYM



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THEY are different from most bloomers. Smarter for one thing. The proportions are graceful. They stay pleated. There is a cleverly concealed pocket, an adjustable waistband and a dandy new short length style called "stubs". They are also made in regular lengths and the prices won't start a family rumpus when you ask your mother for MAN O' WAR Bloomers. For they cost no more than the ordinary kind. For instance, No. E-5 in heavy black sateen with a permanent finish is \$1.95; E-24 in black poplin is \$2.95 and No. E-7 in all wool serge, navy or black, is \$4.95.





Along the Editor's Trail

IT was a bright, sunny morning when the good ship *Belgenland*, which had brought us so happily across the ocean, took us up the River Scheldt toward Antwerp. Green, green Holland with her green, green dykes and her spick and span red-roofed houses and her spick and span trees and her spick and span black and white cattle stretched out on either side of us. I was tingling with adventure, for it was the first time I had crossed the ocean. What was going to happen to me during the next few weeks and what was I going to see?

So much that was beautiful did happen. And I saw so much. But nothing was more lovely to me than my girls. My Belgian girl I saw that first day in Antwerp. All day long we had wandered about the quaint city, exclaiming over the old houses and the dog carts and the wooden shoes of some of the people and the fragrant flower market, so bright with blossoms. All day we had been pinching ourselves to make it seem real. And then the sun was setting, and the hurdy gurdies were echoing gaily along the streets and I saw the banners fluttering from green-leaved staffs. A procession of girls with packs on their backs! As they came near, I heard their laughter and I saw their happiness in going off. An overnight hike into the country, no doubt about it. Now I wanted to go along with them, especially with that girl in the front row, who was carrying the largest banner. She was sturdy and strong, a good camper, I knew. And she was having so much fun.

And my German girl! I was on the Rhine steamer when I saw her, bicycling with a friend along the shore at the foot of the Lorelei. The sun was shining on her long yellow braids and when I waved to

her, she waved back so heartily that the front wheel of her bicycle wobbled and for a moment, I thought she might come tumbling down the bank. But she didn't. Where was she going, I wondered. Perhaps to eat supper by one of the old castles silhouetted against the sky. Imagine being able to have a picnic beside an old castle!

And my Swiss girl. I saw her, too, on a sunny day. A clear, cool day that made me wish to forget my train and stay behind in Lucerne to climb one of the Alps. But I went to the station and to my train, as you do when you are traveling, and as I was putting my bag in the rack, suddenly I heard a sweet, sweet song come lilting along the station platform, now up like the mountain-tops, now down like the green Swiss valleys. And as I looked from the window, I saw a crowd of boys and girls, alighting singing from another train. They were going to climb the Rigi! And then I saw her and waved to her and smiled at her. And she saw me and smiled at me and waved at me with her hand and her arm and her head and her whole self.

And my French girl. She was standing under the green trees of one of Paris' lovely parks, holding her baby brother up to see a puppet show. He was crowing and stretching out his arms toward the jiggling little wooden figures. And she was laughing with him and enjoying the puppets, too. Some day I am going back to that park and the puppets and I hope she will be there when I come.

My girls. All along the way, they made my trip a happier one because they were there. And now Girl Scout Week is almost here. Will there be a stranger in your town then, perhaps, catching a glimpse of you?



A table of contents for this issue will be found on page 50

HELEN FERRIS, *Editor*
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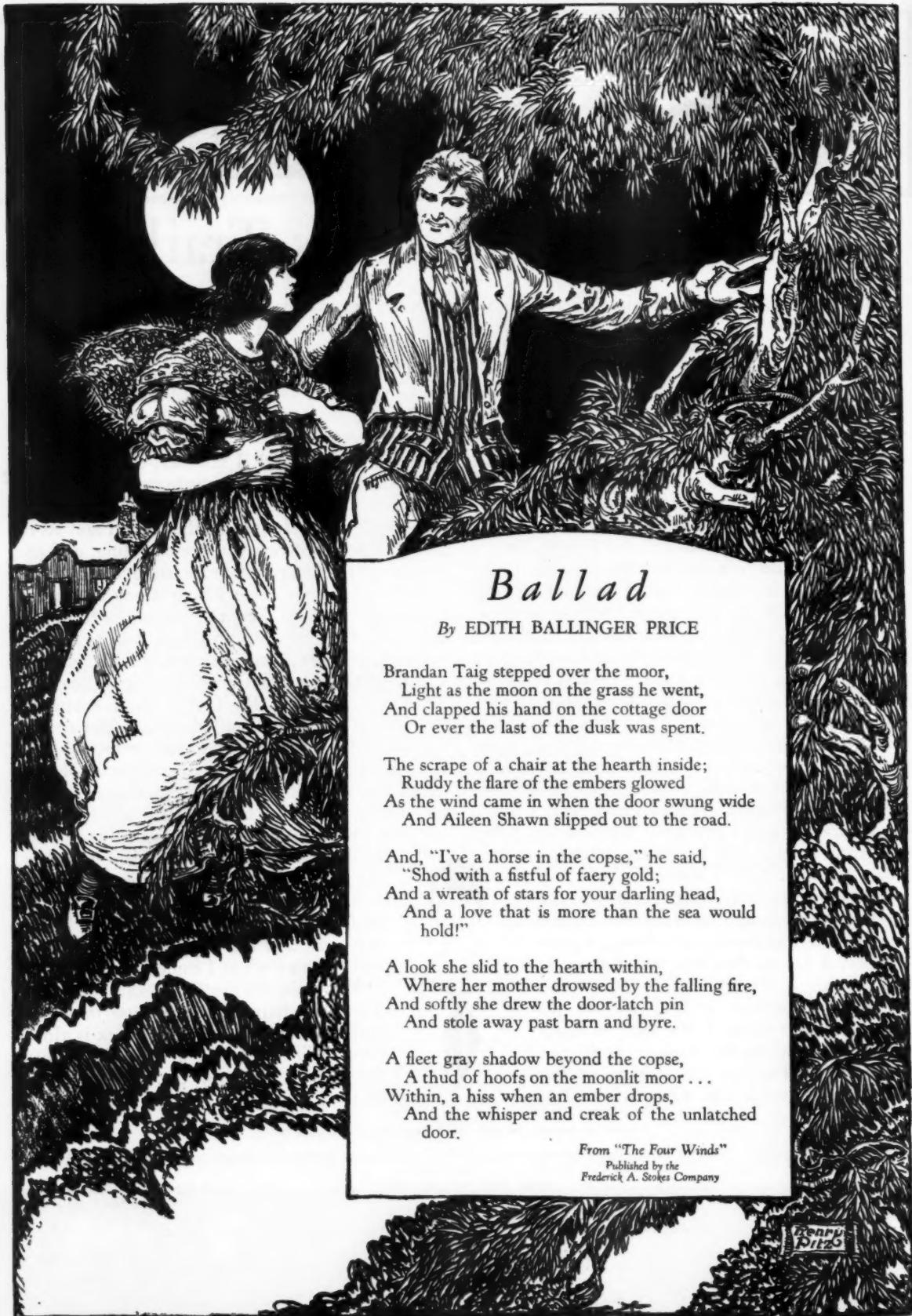
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NUMBER 10



Ballad

By EDITH BALLINGER PRICE

Brandan Taig stepped over the moor,
Light as the moon on the grass he went,
And clapped his hand on the cottage door
Or ever the last of the dusk was spent.

The scrape of a chair at the hearth inside;
Ruddy the flare of the embers glowed
As the wind came in when the door swung wide
And Aileen Shawn slipped out to the road.

And, "I've a horse in the copse," he said,
"Shod with a fistful of faery gold;
And a wreath of stars for your darling head,
And a love that is more than the sea would hold!"

A look she slid to the hearth within,
Where her mother drowsed by the falling fire,
And softly she drew the door-latch pin
And stole away past barn and byre.

A fleet gray shadow beyond the copse,
A thud of hoofs on the moonlit moor . . .
Within, a hiss when an ember drops,
And the whisper and creak of the unlatched door.

From "The Four Winds"
Published by the
Frederick A. Stokes Company

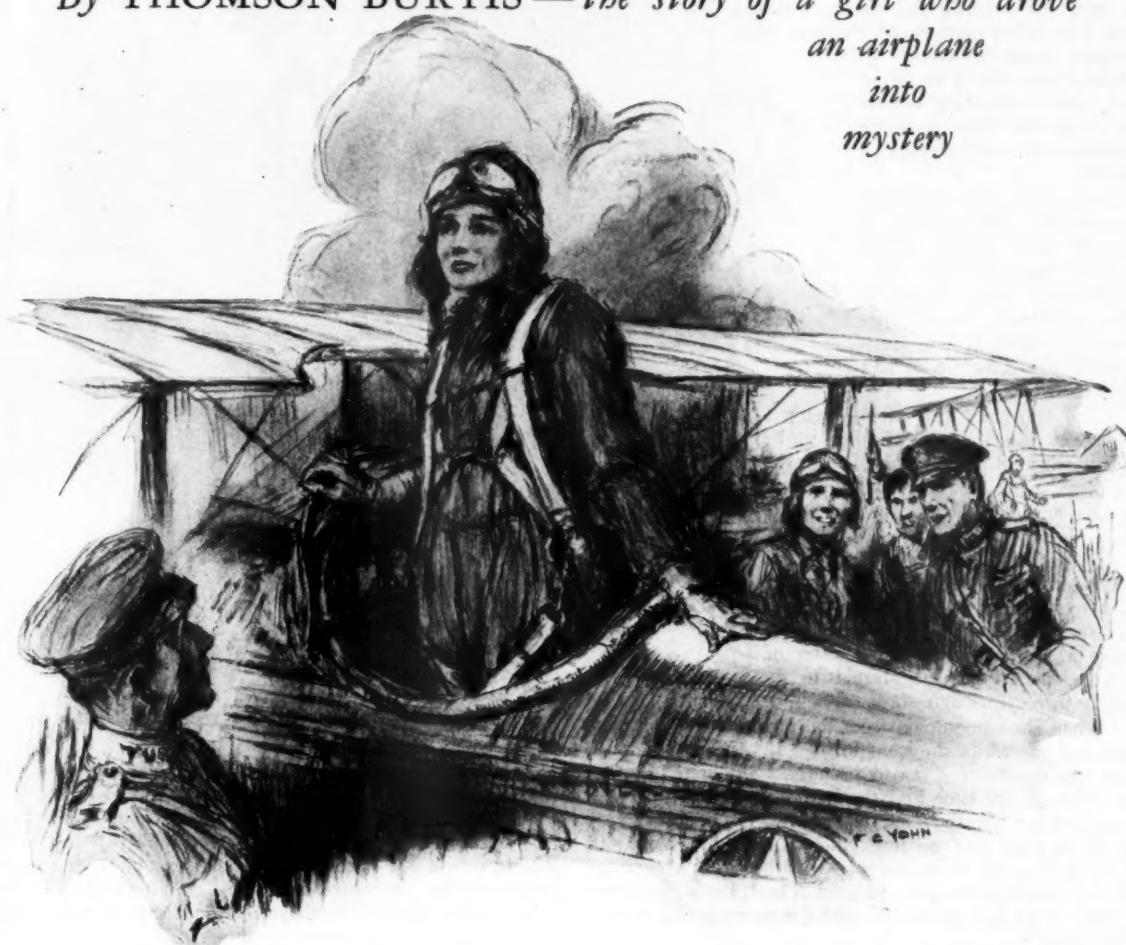
THE AMERICAN GIRL

The Magazine for All Girls—Published by the Girl Scouts

Helen Ferris, *Editor*

October, 1927

By THOMSON BURTIS — *the story of a girl who drove
an airplane
into
mystery*



"That's Curly and her plane—she's as proud of it as the boys of the flight are of her, and that's saying something for she's a star flyer!"

Beginning Curly Rides High

ITS SLIM young pilot did not realize it, of course—but the tiny single-seated airplane which she was sending through the blue Texas sky in loops and spins was tracing no more devious a path than was to be the lot of that same air girl who was at the stick. Curly Saks was at the stick. Curly Saks was not worried about the future. Eyes shining behind the goggles which seemed to cover

Illustrations by Fred C. Yohn

half her small face, she was enjoying once more the thrill which never could be dulled for her. Her ship arched lazily over on its back, hung there a moment, and then swooped out of the loop in a swift rush of speed which caused her to throw back her head and laugh exuberantly. She was like some nymph of the upper air, and to her the roar of the eight cylinder, hundred and eighty horsepower

motor was a sweet refrain, and the terrific airblast a caressing breeze. Two full miles above the *mesquite* of southern Texas, with fleecy cumulus clouds all around her in the clear golden air, she was at home.

Below, the airdrome of the McMullen Flight of the Army Air Service Border Patrol was a small dun handkerchief, and the huge hangars bounding it to east and west mere black specks against the brown. Southward a few miles which seemed but a step, the twisting Rio Grande looked like a strand of tangled silver ribbon. Still further south the *monte* of Mexico was like a brooding sea, and northward to the very skyline the *mesquite* billowed in long, gray-green swells.

Down on the airdrome what looked like a group of insects were talking about Curly. Five of them were khaki-clad army aviators. The sixth man was a bow-legged, weather-beaten, keen-eyed Texas ranger who had happened in.

"And yuh mean tuh tell me that's a nineteen year old gal up there?" he ejaculated, and his slow, musical drawl expressed utter amazement. "Doggoned if she don't look like she was one o' yore stars—"

"She is," stated Slim Evans, who was nearly six feet six inches tall and so thin that, to use his own expression, he had to "stand twice in the same place to make a shadow." "She's the sister of George, here, and she started to fly nearly three years ago—"

"When she came down from the ranch to live with my wife and me while she went to school," big George Saks, who was an observer, cut in proudly. "She used to go up for rides all the time and the boys—mostly Slim here—would let her take the stick once in a while. She got pretty good—so good that one time when Slim had to climb out of his seat to see what was wrong with the undercarriage she kept the ship straight and level. Then they had to jump—come down in a parachute, and she never batted an eye, Slim said!"

"I'll say not!" the tall flyer grinned. "She was born for the air, I guess."

"Gosh!" sighed the ranger, whose forty years of life had been forty years of perilous endeavor. "I'd o' died!"

"After that," Sleepy Spears took up the tale, "Slim here gave her a lot of instruction on Jennies—they're slow, loggy training planes—and she got pretty good. Then there came a time when she had to get word to us about Slim being in some trouble down the river, and darned if she didn't fly a DeHaviland, that weighs a ton and a half and has a four hundred and fifty horsepower motor in it—and fly it so she got here and didn't kill herself! And her only fifteen at the time!"

"Right then," grinned Captain Kennard, "was when every mechanic in the squadron, from buck private to Sergeant Major, went crazy about her. The flyers had been all along—she's the best scout I ever saw even if she is a girl."

"Have to think twice to remember she's a girl," nodded



big, lounging Tex MacDowell, one of the greatest flyers in the air service.

George Saks was fairly bursting with pride, as he always did when his kid sister was being extolled.

"Right then I figured she was bound to fly—loved it so—and could do it. So I hocked the family jewels and bought up an old wreck of an S. E. 5 scout, at the suggestion of the mechanics. And these enlisted men went to work nights, rebuilt the thing, strengthened it, put extra stuff on it, tore the motor apart and rebuilt it!"

"And washed, polished and highly perfumed it," Slim said spaciously. "That's the ship she's flying now. It's as strong as a tank, light as a feather, streamlined, painted, decorated within an inch of its life, and it's kept that way. The boys'll work harder on that ship after hours than they will on ours to draw their pay. They've got everything on it except a house and lot."

"And she thinks more of it than she used to think of her horse, back on the ranch," George laughed. "Gosh, if that bus is ever wrecked—"

"Great Jemima! Look at that!" exploded the wispy little ranger, and he shoved his huge sombrero back on his head to see more clearly.

Curly, the stick held back in the right corner of the cockpit and her right foot jammed against the rudder, held the ship steadily. The earth was revolving dizzily, and seemed to be leaping up to meet her. Five turns, eight, ten—she had dropped nearly two thousand feet before she shoved the stick forward, pushed the rudder all the way to

*"I won't let you by! I'll leave my ship right here until you go back!
You wrecked that car and you can't leave these people there to die!"*



F.C. YOHN

the left, and brought the ship out in a nose dive which gradually lessened until the ship was level in the sky once more.

"You see," Slim explained, "she's been flying for three years now, and all of us give her instruction in a two-seated ship once in a while. Darned if I don't think she can do everything any of us can."

"Uh—huh," nodded Captain Kennard, who was the commanding officer of the flight. He ran his fingers through his short brush pompadour, and his scarred face was serious as he stated:

"She has the qualities to make a flyer—courage and a cool head, an none of this dare-devil stuff, either. She's too good a sport to take the wrong kind of chances."

"Where's she goin'?" enquired the ranger as he watched the ship speed westward along the border.

"Oh, just looking over the country," George told him genially. "Stick around, though, and meet her. She never goes very far. She just isn't through flying yet, and wants to see some new country."

Which was exactly correct. Curly, eyes still glowing and tanned cheeks flushed with the excitement of the acrobatics, was flying up the river just because she wasn't ready to come down as yet. Very often, in the following months, she thought to herself:

"I wonder what would have happened if I hadn't."

But she did, and with the little scout hurtling through the air at a hundred and twenty miles an hour she was forty miles from home before she knew it. She banked around, and started homeward. Like an experienced air-

woman, her eyes flitted from instrument to instrument on the board in front of her. Temperature, air pressure, the number of rotations per minute of the motor, her altitude—the story of the perfectly functioning motor was written plainly for her to read as she watched the vibrating needles. A forced landing was nothing to look forward to in that wild country, and much depended on the great power plant in front of her. There were few landing fields along the river. However, the seat-pack parachute which was strapped around her took away any vestige of fear. If worst came to worst—fire, or wings sheering off, or motor failure over impossibly rough country, she could jump. She wouldn't have had any room in her mind for fear, had that happened. She would have been too grief-stricken over the loss of that brightly painted ship which was the apple of her eye.

She was about twenty miles from McMullen, and less than four thousand feet high, when she noticed two cars, like crawling worms, dotting the white expanse of the San Elizabeth road. Curly always watched the ground ceaselessly when she was flying. That was what the border patrol was for—to keep careful scrutiny on that tempestuous region where smugglers and bandits plied their trade. And wasn't she an adopted member of the flight? Secretly she cherished the ambition some day, somehow, to prove to George and

Slim and Tex and the rest that a girl could do almost as well as a man.

As though she had received an electric shock, her body stiffened, and widened eyes stared downward from a palming face.

The two cars, coming from opposite directions, had met. To her, high in the air, they had not seemed unduly close, but a foot or two was not observable from a distance of more than half a mile. But down there was the story for all to read.

One car seemed to be fairly shot sideward. For a second the dust hid the tragedy, but as it drifted away Curly, sending her S. E. downward in a terrific power dive, could see clearly. One car was on its side, half in the mesquite, and there was no sign of life from whoever had occupied it. No, it was clear over on its back.

And the other car, a bigger one, had not stopped!

Far from it. It seemed to be speeding toward McMullen faster than ever. For a second Curly could scarcely comprehend the meaning of it. Not a house within ten miles—not even a Mexican shack. Nothing but mesquite desert—and those unknowns down there were leaving their crippled victims to die—die, perhaps for lack of care; die, possibly, from starvation on that seldom traveled road.

Her practiced eyes searched the terrain below her. There was not a single spot where she could land. The road, even, was not wide enough. She was as helpless as though she had been tied hand and foot.

Then, suddenly, she was possessed with such bitter hatred for the unknown people in the speeding car below

(Continued on page 32)



Tall and Skinny

That was Nancy Oldfield, and not according to old Mr. Leary—but a

By

Illustrations by

It had been Mr. Leary who called her a giraffe. Mr. Leary owned the building where the Oldfields lived. It housed eight apartments, two on each floor, and four stories high. The owner occupied the top flat alone. The Oldfields lived just below him, on the third floor, north side.

Mr. Leary had broken his ankle three weeks before, and in the days since then he had sat despondently in a wheel chair on the back porch and had grown crosser every minute. Nancy's mother suggested that she go up to see him the first day after he was hurt. He had sent her down at once, complaining that he didn't want visitors.

Nancy had tried to be quiet after that. She didn't wish to worry Mr. Leary. But that morning, just after breakfast, a gray alley cat crawled to the top of the telephone pole in the back yard and couldn't get down.

Nancy climbed the pole and brought down the cat. It had scratched her while she was doing it, and she tore her brown dress in the bargain. But the tear and the scratch were nothing, compared to what old Mr. Leary had said. He had rolled his wheel chair to the railing of the top porch and called down angrily that he'd have no tomboy giraffe of a girl living on his premises.

"He's quite right," Mrs. Oldfield had agreed, "you're too tall a girl to be climbing poles."

And now, just after school, Nancy opened the street door of the building and heard her Uncle Tom, who had taught her to climb, arguing with Mr. Leary.

It was not about the cat. Nancy, in the first half minute that she stood breathlessly in the downstairs hall, knew enough of fire department business to realize that her uncle Tom, making his regular inspection of the safety of the buildings in the district, had found Mr. Leary's cellar a fire-trap.

"I give you twenty four hours!" the captain was shouting. "Twenty four hours and no minutes! If this place isn't shipshape then, by the hydrants, I'll turn the law on you!"

"Bring on your law!" Mr. Leary answered.

Captain Tom Oldfield snorted. He possessed a big voice, positive but not ill-natured, the voice of a man accustomed to command. Nancy put down her books and sat deliberately on the bottom step to listen. She loved her bachelor Uncle Tom. And he in turn spent more affection on Miss Nancy Oldfield than he did on any other person or thing in the world, not even barring his beautiful red ladder-truck.

"I've been through your whole building," he told Mr. Leary heatedly. "Basement to roof. And, sir, it's a witherin' shame! Know what I found in the basement?"

He did not wait for Mr. Leary to answer.

"I found kindlings stacked against the furnace. And oily rags to catch fire. And matches loose for the rats to chew. And a smoke pipe wore through complete, spitting out sparks against the ceiling without so much as a sheet

NANCY OLDFIELD came home from school Thursday afternoon to find her uncle Tom arguing with the cross Mr. Leary.

That in itself was not surprising. Mr. Leary argued with everybody. But there was one thing about the whole affair as it developed afterward that Nancy always thought was queer. How did it happen that Captain Tom Oldfield, Ladder Truck 28, came to inspect the building on the very day that his niece Nancy had got into trouble with Mr. Leary?

The trouble had been this.

Nancy Oldfield was one of those tall girls who worry about their height. She measured five feet, eight inches the spring that she was sixteen. Of course that was too tall. It made her clothes seem too short and her hands and feet too big. To make it worse, she was spindly. And as if that weren't enough—to be the tallest and thinnest girl in the Maywood High School—she was awkward, too awkward even to play a fair forward at basketball, where her long arms would have helped.

She wouldn't have minded being tall if she had been graceful. Had she been one of those dignified, serene young women in the advertising pages of the magazines, slender as a birch tree and twice as supple, she would not have cared in the least. Or had she been queenly, with a splendid manner and a great mass of gold hair.

But she was spindly. Awkward as a boy. All angles. Graceless as a young colt. A regular giraffe.

as a Beanpole

*even graceful — good for nothing at all
real daughter of the fire department*

CLARICE DETZER

George Avison

of tin to keep the whole building from burning down!"

"Anything you didn't find?" the owner inquired. "Anything you didn't find?"

"Yes, sir," Captain Tom Oldfield admitted testily. "I didn't find a fire extinguisher in the whole place! Not one!" He paused. "Now," he said, and Nancy knew he had yanked out his fat gold watch at the end of his fat gold chain, "it's five o'clock. I give you twenty-four hours to clean up that basement. If it ain't clean then, in you go to court! I'll have no fire-traps in my district."

"This is no fire-trap. I'll see my lawyer"

"Aye, bring on ten lawyers. But you better clean up that basement!"

He scraped his heavy boots toward the stair. He was on the top step when Mr. Leary's quarrelsome voice called after him.

"I say, inspector, what's your name?"

"Name?" Nancy's uncle halted. "Aye, I'll give it to you. Free of charge. I'm Captain Tom Oldfield, I am, o' the Maywood Fire Department. I command that truck company three blocks north o' you, Ladder Truck 28, and it's me they'll be calling some night to lug you down a ladder!"

"Oldfield?"

"Aye! That's it! Captain Steeples Oldfield."

"Might it be some of your family there in apartment six?"

"It might," the Captain answered, "and what of it?"

"This of it." The owner's voice pitched up angrily. "There's a nuisance in that flat, a long-legged girl"

"Tut, tut!" warned Captain Oldfield.

"Tut yourself." Mr. Leary answered. "I'll be asking that family to vacate if there's any more of her goings on. You'd think she was a rocky mountain goat, the way she's pawing up and down around here. This very day, you know what she did? She shinned up a telephone pole, thirty feet if it's an inch, and all to yank down a cat!"

"But did she get the cat?" cried Captain Oldfield, "I'll wager she did. It's my own blood niece, I'll have you know. And it was me taught that girl to climb. I asked you, did she get the cat?"

"She did," admitted the landlord. Nancy, who at that minute was tiptoeing up the stairs to her own door, heard the squeak of the older man's chair as he shifted in it nervously. "She did," he repeated, "but I'll have no harum-scarum tom-boy around my property! She was for playing handball in the court, sir! And she sings when she's washing dishes in the kitchen. I hear her—don't think I can't hear her! And today she climbed"

"Which has nothing to do with your fire-trap basement," Captain Tom Oldfield cried.

Old Mr. Leary burst out with another tirade. Nancy heard her Uncle Tom growl.

He laughed as he came upon Nancy in the hallway. He reached out his big right hand and brought it down heavily on her shoulder.

"So you got the cat!" he boomed. "That's fine!"

His voice reached Nancy's mother, within the door. She



The cat scratched her and she tore her dress, but the tear and the scratch were nothing compared to old Mr. Leary who called out that he'd have no tomboy giraffe of a girl on his premises

came out nervously. Tom and Nancy, always shouting!

"What now?" she demanded.

Captain Oldfield took out his handkerchief and wiped his red face.

"Your landlord's a bit too dry for safety," he said, jabbing a heavy thumb upward. "It would be dangerous to go striking a match to him!" He turned on his niece. "Girl, did you climb that pole the way I taught you? Firm grip, hand over hand?"

Nancy laughed a little uncomfortably. She was proud of her Uncle Tom. In all the Maywood Fire Department no other captain had a finer record. "Steeple," his men called him, because of the height he could climb in the air. He had trained his crew to mount a wall like cats. Every Saturday afternoon when she was a younger girl, Nancy had played around his clean company house. He had taught her to slide the brass pole from the sleeping quarters to the apparatus room, and Nancy had practised diligently upon it. She could climb fast as any recruit up the drill tower at the rear of the house. He had instructed her how to knot ropes, how to crawl hand over hand along narrow window ledges.

"That terrible Mr. Leary!" she confided now. "He is terrible, mother. She's shaking her head, Uncle Tom. He didn't want young people in his flat. And this morning when I went after the cat"

"Aye," her uncle prompted, "what did he do then, Nancy?"

"He just screamed down from the porch. Asked if I was a giraffe!"

"Tut! I've a mind to mark him ten percent lower on his inspection card!"

The captain jammed his knuckles into his broad sides and wrinkled his forehead under his reddish hair. He had argued with his brother's wife in regard to Nancy. Mrs. Oldfield was not enthusiastic about a girl climbing walls. But if the building where she lived was a fire-trap, she wanted to know it now and move.

"I'll fix it," Tom Oldfield promised, "fix it so's you won't have to go crawling down a knotted sheet from a third story window after tonight. I've ordered the basement cleaned up. And I say!" He slapped his big hands together. "It's got to be so neat I can eat off the coal scoop tomorrow! Calling my niece a . . . what was the name he give you a . . . a zebra?"

When he had left—for he had to report at the fire house at six o'clock—he promised that he would inspect the building again in another twenty four hours.

"And tomorrow's my night off duty," he added. "I'll be ready to stay for supper should anyone go asking me."

Twice as she worked over her books and papers that evening—the course at Maywood High was particularly stiff in the junior year—Nancy laughed aloud at the memory of her uncle's official call. It was good for Mr. Leary to have a man give him orders sometimes, after all the orders he gave other people. She was sorry about his broken ankle. Yes, indeed, she was sorry. But she did hope that her Uncle Tom would make him clean out the fire hazards.

When she got to bed, she couldn't sleep. It had been nothing extraordinary to rescue a cat. She had hurt nothing, climbing that pole. And she'd saved the cat! But she was still hurt over what the old man had called her. She slept at last, thinking of Mr. Leary and dreaming that she saw him crouching in his wheel chair on the back porch, surrounded by angry cats.

It was just after one o'clock that she heard her uncle's siren screaming a few blocks distant, the bell ringing, and the heavy hum of the motor of his ladder truck. She heard other sirens answering farther away, engine bells, the shouts of people in the street. She heard her father stirring in his own room. Then her father's voice.

"Hello!" he said. "It's a bad one! See it from here!"

Nancy leaped to her own window. Across the patched blackness of the roofs she saw the reflection of fire in a low hanging sky. Clouds turned purple and lavender and orange and pink. The tips of dancing flame pointed upward. In the shadowy street below her window, people were running northward toward the blaze.

The small racketty red car of a battalion chief clattered past while Nancy watched and other companies followed, other engines and ladder trucks. A second alarm, that must mean. A bad fire. She saw a flying squadron race by next with its gas masks ready. An insurance patrol. Finally a police ambulance.

Suddenly across the roof tops shot up a hot green and white flash. It repeated, like perpetual lightnings.

"Electric wires!" Nancy told herself. "Uncle Tom will have trouble raising his ladders!"

She heard her mother's voice, and her father's.

"I'm going," he said, and he closed his window. "I'll go with you," her mother answered.

Nancy switched on the light and began to dress rapidly. From a hook in the closet she drew a heavy knit sweater. She slipped into a stout wool skirt. She drew on her hiking boots, fumbling the strings with her cold fingers. She was ready before her mother.

Neighbors in the building were running downstairs. The street was full of people and of cars, all hurrying northward. Additional engine companies, replying to third and fourth alarms, were racketing along the pavement.

A few blocks away smoke hung in a brown mist about the electric lights. The air vibrated with the rumble of a score of hard pumping engines.

"It's the car barns!" Nancy's father cried. "Dangerous, all those wires!"

The car barns were old and tindery. In an hour the roofs had fallen and the flame roared less vehemently. Nancy, searching for her uncle, found the long narrow truck of Ladder Company 28 abandoned on a side street. Only the short ladders were gone from it, the high extensions had not been raised. But the shallow tool box had been emptied of axes and wire-cutting tools. Captain Tom Oldfield and his climbing crew were daring the immense risk of high voltage electricity somewhere in that flaming ruin. Nancy shuddered.

"I think you'd better get back home," her father said at length. "Your mother and I will be along directly. School tomorrow, Nancy."

She went unwillingly. It was a scant six blocks to her own apartment house, but most of the way she walked backward, loath to give up the fire. The flare in the sky was dying gradually. The pink and orange lights had subsided to a deep purple glow. There were no more white electric flashes. Nancy knew from their absence that her uncle had cut the last sagging wire.

A dim light burned in her own door, casting a melancholy illumination over the dusty grass carpet on the outside steps. Nancy turned into the short walk absentmindedly. She was sleepy. She'd be glad to get to bed. She unbuttoned her sweater. She happened to look down, as she pulled off the sleeves. There under the big outside door seeped a narrow ribbon of gray smoke.

Nancy halted. She sniffed once. The air was sharp with the odor of burning wood. She plunged up the steps and swung open the door. Heat and the acrid taste of flame flooded out. Somewhere in

her own building sounded the throaty rattle of fire.

"Help!" Nancy screamed. She ran back into the street. "Fire! Our house!"

A ring of falling glass sounded at the rear of the narrow courtyard. A yellow blaze spit out of a basement window. "Fire!" Nancy shouted.

Her father ran toward her down the street. He turned, without waiting to come up with Nancy, and raced to the alarm box on the corner. A handful of people were hurrying into sight. All engines and ladders from the district were working there. It might take a long time to get firemen here.

THE FROG

By Hilaire Belloc

*B*E KIND and tender to the Frog,
And do not call him names,
As 'Slimy skin,' or 'Polly-wog,'
Or likewise 'Ugly James,'

*O*R 'Gape-a-grin,' or 'Toad-gone-wrong,'
Or 'Billy Bandy-knees':
The Frog is justly sensitive
To epithets like these.

*N*o ANIMAL will more repay
A treatment kind and fair;
At least so lonely people say
Who keep a Frog (and, by the way,
They are extremely rare).

From THE BAD CHILD'S BOOK OF BEASTS
Published by Alfred Knopf



The sheet became taut, and the old man cried out in fright as he felt vacancy beneath his dangling feet

Behind her flames reached out; fire spurted out of five windows at once with a deep, chuckling noise

Nancy swung back to the entry-way. She hurried up the steps to the inner door. She closed it carefully behind her, to prevent drafts until linemen with water should arrive. That she had learned from her uncle.

"Keep out the air till water comes," he had said so often that she knew it for his first fire fighting rule. "Then open up, ventilate."

The hallway was cloudy. Nancy felt her way upward. Smoke scratched her throat. The stairs was drafty, with a hot wind that bit at her face.

"Fire!" she cried. "Fire! Get out! Everybody!"

A few voices answered her from behind closed doors. There was commotion in upper halls. A woman ran down, screaming, carrying a child. Nancy dropped to her knees on the steps. Still the smoke attacked her. She tried to reach the third floor. There were valuables in her mother's flat. She thought hysterically of her new winter coat, of the thousand knickknacks in her bureau drawers, of the silver and glass in the dining-room.

A man was running heavily up the stairs behind her. Her father? She tried to get to the third floor. Smoke was thicker. She was growing dizzy.

A door bulked ahead of her. Her own apartment door. She blundered into it.

"Who's that?" cried the man running behind her.

Her father's voice.

"Nancy! What are you doing?"

He gripped her wrist tight in his fingers. Without another word he turned her about and started back downstairs. Nancy heard a grunt behind her as they reached the last step, felt a hot blast. She struggled about. Fire had pushed out a section of plaster wall and was running up the treads of the stair.

"Hurry!" her father commanded. He clawed for the door.

At the same instant, from the top of the building, came a shrill, terrified cry for help.

Old Mr. Leary!

Nancy ground her heels on the floor. Her father still gripped her arm.

"Mr. Leary!" she cried. "Father, that's Mr. Leary!"

"The firemen will get him! Quick, Nancy!"

He pushed open the outside door! Nancy felt a cool rush of night air on her cheek. The flame growled down at her. Once more from above sounded the cry for help.

"Father!" she protested.

"Be sensible, Nancy!"

He drew her downward and out to the sidewalk. Her mother was there. A crowd. But no firemen. How long had it been since the alarm was sent in? Hours it seemed. In reality only a matter of minutes. Two minutes, perhaps. No more. Minutes grow to hours when one waits for the fire department.

(Continued on page 31)

By HELEN FERRIS

"Gertrude Hawley,

IT WAS on the college tennis courts. The deciding match for the championship was about to be played and all the college was out to see. Seniors and sophomores, juniors and freshmen—odds and evens—were massed on opposite sides of the court according to the age-old custom of Vassar. Cheers, songs, laughter, rivalry flung, gaily defiant, across white lines and smooth surfaces—then, silence. For two girls in white appeared upon the court, one of whom would that night be tennis champion of the college, privileged to wear the coveted grey sweater with its rose V.

The umpire tossed for courts. The girls shook hands across the net.

"Ready?"

"Serve!"

The match was on. Swift, clean-cut strokes sent the ball whizzing over the net. Fiercely the umpire concentrated upon each play, for these points were being decided not by feet but by inches. It was an evenly-drawn battle, well worth the absorbed attention of the entire college, including the faculty.

But slowly the slim, lithe girl with the straight dark hair began to gain against her taller opponent on the other side of the net. Her playing was not spectacular but it was very sure. She made few sudden dashes across the court. Indeed, there were times when she seemed scarcely to move. Yet, when a ball was shot to the farthest corner of a court, she was there to return it. Back of her keen dark eyes seemed to lurk an uncanny knowledge of where her opponent would place the next shot. And when she made her return, it was with a finished stroke which told of many hours on the tennis court before she came to Vassar. For such tennis is not learned overnight.

"Game—set—match," called the umpire. "Gertrude Hawley—"

But what she intended to announce about Gertrude Hawley was lost in sudden tumultuous cheering. The college tennis champion and the runner-up shook hands. Crowding friends pulled a grey sweater with bright rose V over Gertrude Hawley's head. Her class burst into triumphant cheers, followed by a song. The college took up the refrain zestfully—for what is mere class rivalry when such tennis has been played?

"Oh, Gertrude Hawley
She plays tennis . . . "

Back of the tennis banner, Gertrude and her class led off the procession. The other classes fell in line. Singing, they marched across campus to the class tree, there to wind the newly-won banner around the sturdy trunk, reminder to all passersby that—

"Gertrude Hawley
She plays tennis—
Which nobody can deny . . . "

It was another day, years later. I, who had been among that excited college crowd, was now on my way to meet Gertrude Hawley, to talk with her of the years since we both had left Vassar. As I



walked, I thought of that tennis match. Gertrude Hawley of Vassar days—and now she was head of the physical education department of a great university; Northwestern in Evanston, Illinois. How simple deciding what she would do after college must have been for her. She had loved sports—what else had there been for her but to go where she could direct other college girls in their swimming, their basketball, their hockey and their gymnasium?

"Why, I could write about Gertrude and how she came to be doing what she is, without asking her one question!" I thought.

She met me in the candle-lighted room where we were to have tea, coming toward me with the same quiet sureness of movement which I had known so well in our college days together. And she had a tennis racquet under her arm.

"Of course!" I cried. "You *would* have that. But you are sailing for Europe early tomorrow morning. And it's late afternoon now. When—?"

"We'll be stopping in lots of places where there will be tennis courts," she explained, "so I had my racquet restrung. There is nothing like a good game of tennis to set you up for mountain climbing."

For a few moments our talk wandered over the years during which we had not seen each other. Where was Margaret? Barbara? The others? What were they doing? Were they coming to next reunion?

And then—"Of course I am not in the least surprised that you are in Northwestern in charge of the girls' athletics," I said. "You were planning to do something of the kind all the time you were in Vassar, weren't you?"

Gertrude Hawley smiled and shook her head. "My, no. I was far more aimless than that. Oh, of course I took it for granted that I would do something after I graduated. But that time always seemed ages away. As for sitting down solemnly and deciding on a career for myself—no, I must be honest. I didn't even think of it. Why, it wasn't until my junior year that I specialized in any of my courses. The faculty must have thought me a veritable drifter!"

"But you are right that I have always loved sports," she continued, reminiscently. "As far back as I can remember my family spent summers at Chautauqua. And

when I was quite young, we decided to remain there the year round. Then for four glorious years I had real winter as well as summer, right outside our door."

And she told me the story of a joyous girlhood. This little girl—she frankly admitted it—was a tomboy. More often than not, her mother was in despair. The child was no sooner in the front door than she was out the back, running like a little wild rabbit where little wild rabbits go. She wasn't content with ordinary games like "Piggle" or "Run, sheep, run" or "Follow the leader." In summer she rode her "bike" boy fashion. In winter she strapped on her skates and fastened to her shoulder-blades an impromptu



She Plays Tennis"

Illustrations by Harriet Moncure

sail rigged out of barbed wire and an old piece of canvas. But tobogganing—that was the most desperate and the most glorious! Again and again, on starry nights, she shot down a snow hill, a streak in the moonlight. And when she reached the bottom, she hitched. And always, with the first thawing and drying days of spring, there was Gertrude Hawley out on the tennis court, raking the ground smooth, rolling it hard, and chalking off the straight white lines; stretching the net.

"But don't think an outdoor girl can't love to read, too," continued Gertrude Hawley. "I did. As a child I wanted to read everything and to play everything. And I still do.

"It was the same way at Vassar. I enjoyed my studies. But at the same time I was too interested in what was going on around me to want to settle down—to specialize, as they say. Yes, books were an adventure to me. But knowing all kinds of girls was an adventure, too, as well as the college athletics. So it wasn't until my third year that I decided the sciences appealed to me just a little more than any of my other courses and I began to specialize in chemistry. By the end of my senior year I was deep in test-tubes and experiments. So when I graduated, I just naturally went into something where my chemistry would be useful to me.

"For four years, then, I worked in the research department laboratory of the General Electric Company in Cleveland, analyzing tungsten lamps."

Her brown eyes were bright with the memory of it.

"You liked it, didn't you?" I commented.

"Indeed I did. Those days in that laboratory were really quite thrilling. You see, the consulting chemist of the company, who was in charge, was working to find a platinum substitute. And he did! If you don't enjoy experimenting in a laboratory—"

"I don't," I murmured emphatically—unnoticed.

"You won't understand the excitement of working day after day to find an unknown something you feel sure exists—and discovering it, in the end. Yes, I enjoyed those four years. And then there were my vacations, in the White Mountains, up Mount Washington—out in the Yosemite, in California and up more mountains. But—"

"Yes, but?" I ventured, and waited for her to go on.

"There came a time when I realized that I had gone as far as I could in that line of work, without taking more training. I looked around me and saw that the young women who were occupying the more important and more interesting positions of the laboratory were those who had more scientific training than I, training which it was impossible to get while I was concentrating day after day on experiments. I knew then that it would be necessary for me to spend a year studying—or more, if I wished to go ahead in that field. Fortunately, I had saved enough money to do this if I wished. And yet—"

She paused.

"I wasn't quite sure that I did wish. Laboratory work is confining. I had not been entirely well since I had undertaken it. Was it sensible, I asked myself, to take training for work which I might be forced to drop in a short while? But if I didn't go on in this, what would I do?

"Just then, K. Forbes came through Cleveland. You remember K., don't you?"

Did I! Does one forget the captain of the hockey team in the class just ahead of hers? Does one forget a president of the athletic association?

"Well, K. had gone on to the physical education course at Wellesley after leaving Vassar, and she was full of enthusiasm for that work. She had always insisted

that my natural bent was physical education. I had as regularly replied that sports were my recreation and I didn't intend spoiling them for myself by making them my job.

"This time she found me in a doubtful frame of mind. I admitted my doubts about laboratory work for me. Yet I was by no means as certain as she about the physical education idea which she again urged upon me. In many ways it appealed to me tremendously. And yet—and yet—

"In the end, I compromised about what to do next. You see, I told you I have always been the kind of person who comes to her decisions gradually."

"Except on the tennis court," I said.

She ignored my interruption. "So I went to Wellesley

(Continued on page 42)



Gertrude Hawley



Soups may be served in many ways—clear soups for formal dinners in flat rimmed plates set on a larger service plate, or for luncheon in small bouillon cups. Cream soups or bisques are considered more suitable for luncheon than for dinner and may appear in bowls, or in large cups in their own saucers set on another plate. One of the newest ways of serving this type of soup is in covered bowls as in the photograph.

We Begin with Soup

And if you will begin with it, too, and if every month you will try out what is described here on our cooking pages, who knows but you will become one of those sought-after people, "a wonderful cook"?

"**W**ELL, what'll we do now?" When your crowd sits on the school steps after basketball practice, isn't the answer usually something like this—"Let's go over to Dorothy's. Maybe she's made some cookies?"

Or, if it's Sunday afternoon, there is probably the most delicious cold fried chicken in Dorothy's ice box; or if both the cookie jar and the ice box are bare, Dorothy has the knack of making the best iced tea. For Dorothy is that kind of girl. And haven't you noticed how even the ethereal and poetic members of your crowd do flock to the house of a girl who can make good things to eat? And haven't you wished more than once that you could do what Dorothy can?

You can, you know. For cooking consists in learning the why and the how of things, both of which we shall give you here on THE AMERICAN GIRL's cooking pages. You will do the rest by trying out the suggestions—more than once, probably—until presto! the girls are saying, "Let's go around to Mary's house"—or whatever your name is!

For this is our special plan for you this autumn. Each month we shall publish directions for making one dish and for building up a meal around it. Next month it will be muffins and there will be suggestions for the most delicious breakfasts that ever tempted a sleepy schoolgirl to rise. Another month it will be salads; another, ices. But we shall begin with soup, because it is a good dish with which to start a meal—or a career.

By WINIFRED MOSES

For centuries soup has held a very important place on the menu of almost every country in the

world and, before the advent of the fork and spoon, soup was a grand dish indeed, because it could be drunk from the bowl. In the glorious days of ancient Greece, the chief dish on the menu was black broth, the rock on which the strength of the Spartan youth was built. In later times it was still an important dish especially at the marriage ceremony. There is an old story that when Catherine de Valois was married to Henry V of England, the Archbishop of Lens walked at the head of a procession of his priests bearing dishes of soup and wine and the papal blessing to the royal chamber.

Even today, every country has its soup. In England and Scotland there is one known as *kale brouse*, and another as *cock-a-leekie*. In France there is the *pot-a-feu* which is found in almost every house, *petite marmite*—a delicious meat soup which is a whole meal in itself, *boullabaisse*, a delicious fish soup, native to southern France. In Italy, *minestra* is a favorite soup; in Spain, the highly seasoned *olla podrida*. In Russia, the peasants have the *bortsch* or beet soup, and from far-off India, comes the *mulligatawny* which in this country we usually serve from cans. Now, while in this land we have many meat soups, perhaps the typical American soup is that known as the cream soup. The French do not speak very highly of this American dish, because too often it appears on the table neither well



For dessert fill individual glass dishes with sliced bananas; pour over this a lemon jelly. Chill, top with ice cream or whipped cream and serve with crackers covered with marshmallows, toasted to a golden brown.

cooked nor too well seasoned. But cream soup when properly cooked and flavored is not only delicious, but one of our most wholesome dishes and one which can be served in a great variety of ways. For this reason, we are introducing you to the bisque, a near relative of the cream soup.

The bisque is a cream soup in which the vegetables, fish or meat, which give a soup a particular name and flavor, are minced instead of being pulped or put through a sieve, as they are for cream soups.

A bisque has at least two advantages over a cream soup. The first, and perhaps the most important, is that none of the food value is lost, for when vegetables are put through a sieve, a certain amount is wasted. When they are minced and cooked, as in a bisque, nothing is lost. The second advantage is that it requires less time to make a bisque than to prepare a cream soup, and this also is very important.

The bisque that I have chosen to tell you about is made of potato and onion and this particular recipe may be used as a pattern for all kinds of bisques; that is, when once you have learned the proportions of the ingredients and the rules for making this one, you should be able to make any and every kind of bisque without a printed recipe.

Potato and Onion Bisque

2 tablespoons fat (butter, bacon or other fat)	1½ teaspoons salt
2 medium sized potatoes	2 cups milk
2 medium sized onions	2 tablespoons fat
2 sticks of celery (may be omitted)	2 tablespoons flour
2 cups water	flavoring (may be nutmeg, celery salt, grated cheese, slices of lemon or anchovy)

This recipe will make a little over one quart and will make three or four large or six small servings.

Other combinations that may be used are (1) chopped cabbage, onion and celery; (2) carrots, onion and celery; (3) spinach, onion and celery; (4) celery and onions; (5) tuna fish or salmon, onion and celery; (6) oysters.

Put the first two tablespoons of fat in a saucepan. (If the soup is to be kept hot for any length of time after it is cooked, it is wiser to use the top of a double boiler.) Melt

the fat but do not allow it to brown, for while browned fat gives a better flavor than melted fat, it is not quite so easily digested.

Peel the vegetables and mince very fine. For this a cutting board and a long sharp slicing knife are best (see illustration) although any wooden surface and sharp knife may be used. At first, perhaps, you will find that it is slow work mincing the vegetables and that you are very awkward, but with a little practice you may become as skilled as a French chef.

In preparing your vegetables I would advise also that you peel and mince the onions first, because the potatoes and celery will help to remove the onion odor from your hands. In case you do not like the flavor of

onion, I must tell you that among experienced cooks its flavor is considered very important. In fact, a very famous oracle of the kitchen long ago declared that in the opinion of all good cooks there was no savory dish without an onion. Therefore, in making almost any bisque, at least a *soupçon* (that is a suspicion) of onion should be added. Besides being considered highly as a flavor vegetable you would do well to remember that the onion is one of our most wholesome vegetables and should be included frequently in our menus. Also it is not very expensive and we have it with us throughout the year.

Next, the minced vegetables, the water and the salt are put in the saucepan with the fat and cooked until the vegetables are tender. This will require only a very short time. The saucepan should not be covered during the cooking process. This prevents the odor of the onions from permeating the house. Right here let me say that for this reason all strong flavored vegetables—onions, cauliflower, cabbage, leeks and turnips—should be cooked uncovered. If the water cooks away, as it will in an uncovered pot, a little more should be added from time to time, or more milk added, which of course adds to the food value of the soup.

When the vegetables are tender add the milk and let it come to the boiling point. Here is where you gain in time. In making a cream soup the milk is scalded in a double boiler, which means extra fuel and two extra utensils.

(Continued on page 41)



On a plate arrange a crisp lettuce leaf, a slice of tomato and one hard-boiled egg. Add either mayonnaise or French dressing and serve with slices of bread, cut very thin and spread with butter and anchovy paste or a soft cheese



Vegetables may be minced on a cutting board with a long sharp knife or put through a foodchopper

Cheese canapés, cheese crackers or croutons may be served with the soup. They should be hot and crisp

In the Old Days

Stories of the early days of Girl Scouting when Juliette Low was starting troops and National Headquarters, told by this good friend of our Founder who has been on our National Board from the first

IN THE early summer of 1915, a telephone call told me that my mother's intimate friend,

By ANNE HYDE CHOATE

Mrs. Juliette Low, was coming from the city to lunch with me in Pleasantville. This was a great surprise as I had not seen her for several years, and a great pleasure as well since, from the early days of my childhood, her coming had always meant exceptional fun and interest. This, however, was the first visit that she had paid me since my marriage in 1907.

When Mrs. Low arrived, I found that the cause of her visit was the fact that a group of Girl Scouts had been started in the Pleasantville High School by one of the young teachers there. When I met Mrs. Low at the train she introduced me to this captain who had come with her and then as we started for my house, she said:

"Well, I'm hoping that you will take an interest in these girls. You



This cabin in the woods was an early Girl Scout Little House

know that I have brought this work from England and here you have a troop in your own village. I shall certainly expect you to take an interest in them."

"Of course I will take an interest in them," I said, —without knowing one single thing about them or their aims. "What am I to do?"

"Oh," said Mrs. Low very casually, "just pin on badges once a year."

During luncheon it developed that besides pinning on badges once a year, she also wanted me to form a council which was to back up the work of the captain, and she told me that the captain knew exactly who should be on this council and would tell me what to do. Also, that Miss Neale, the secretary, who had her headquarters in Washington, would shortly send me all necessary information about the Girl Scout movement including samples of badges (so I should know what I was to pin on, I suppose) and existing literature. We had a very gay and pleasant luncheon without any further references to the Girl Scouts, after which Mrs. Low vanished as we were accustomed to

have her do, and I heard nothing more from her until the following spring.

Meantime, a voluminous package arrived from Miss Neale—far too much to absorb—and I fear it simply got put into a drawer and forgotten for months.

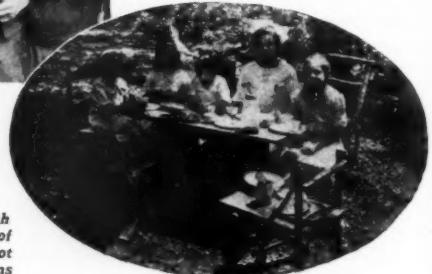
I visited the captain at the high school, got the list of people she thought advisable to ask on the council, and still with very little idea of what was entailed, I proceeded to call upon my neighbors, among whom was Mrs. Josephine Daskam Bacon, and to ask them to come to a tea party at my house at which we would organize the Girl Scout Council of Pleasantville. They all accepted, and a week later we met, adopted a constitution (out of the little blue handbook), elected officers and, I hope, visited the troop in the course of time, though of that I have very little memory.

About March of 1916, when I was busily preparing to work on a play for Italian children at 111th Street, Mrs. Low appeared again, as suddenly as she had vanished the summer before and, after a few words of greeting, announced that she was moving the Girl Scout headquarters from Washington to New York in time for a convention which they were going to hold in a patriotic society's meeting room shortly, and at which she expected a board of directors would be elected who would help her launch the Girl Scout organization, as it was now growing too big for

her sole management; that she was willing to be president; that I was to be nominated vice-president, with Mr. Ted Coy as treasurer, and Mrs. Snowden Marshall, Mrs. Theodore Price, and Mr. Percy Gordon for the other members of the board; that she had very little time to spend with me as she was catching a



Whenever Mrs. Low came it meant exceptional fun and interest. She visited these Girl Scouts at Barrington, Rhode Island, two years ago



These Savannah Girl Scouts of long ago did not wait for uniforms

train for Boston where she expected to lecture on Girl Scouts, and from there she was going to Cincinnati for a similar lecture at a woman's club!

I answered that I was very sorry that it would be utterly impossible for me to come into her organization as I already had my hands full of other duties and had no time to go

(Continued on page 34)



The pinto, bounding clear of the bottom, began to swim toward the main current

Concluding Raquel of the Ranch Country

CHAPTER IX

*Raquel and Lois
Cross the Desert*

By ALIDA SIMS MALKUS

Illustrations by George Avison

For what has happened so far in this story, see page 46

IT was Lois Wainwright! Thin and pale she was, but still lovely, though her closed eyes were red with weeping, and blue hollows smudged her cheeks. The shock of it almost stunned Raquel. Lois! How could she be here, of all places!

Lois' eyelids began to flutter and Raquel, lifting her in wiry arms, half carried, half dragged the limp figure out on the grass. She bathed the white face with fresh water from the faucet and fanned her briskly with a palmetto leaf. The shadowy blue eyes opened slowly, almost reluctantly, and Lois sat up, looking hungrily into the face peering down at her.

"Raquel Daniels," she faltered. "So it really is you? I was afraid to look again. I hardly dared believe it." And she turned her head away as great tears rolled down her cheeks.

"Come, Lois," Raquel spoke quietly, patiently, as to a child. "Come, dear, you mustn't cry. Tell me, is it possible that you are all alone here? Where is your father?"

"Take me away, save me!" Lois' eyes widened with terror. "Papa, papa—is dead. He died suddenly." She could say no more. She was almost unstrung with strain, fright and grief. A few babbling words about the Chinese cook who had gone away with everything and the Mexican boy who was coming back to take her off into the mountains roused Raquel to the necessity for getting away.

Could she get Lois to *El Escondido*? How was it possible with one so weak and broken? Leading her gently back into the house, Raquel glanced about the attractive bungalow. How pleasant it would be to stay right here, if only they dared. But she herself must return to the Ranch of the Desert to find Georgie, and she couldn't leave Lois alone.

In the pantries she found some whole wheat crackers, some cheese, and a box of guava paste which she threw into a sack. Then she dashed back to Lois who, with wide,

frightened eyes, was hastily stuffing clothes and toilet articles into a suitcase.

"You can't take that, Lois." Raquel spoke gently. "We have no way of carrying it, dear. I am going out now while you put on some riding clothes—that linen suit would be best—to see if I can't rout out a burro, or a mule, to carry what we need—unless I can find another horse for you to ride. Quick, Lois! We must be quick."

Raquel helped her. They left the wardrobe full of lovely, flimsy frocks, the bureau full of scented undergarments; then, hurrying to the corrals, they found not a horse nor even a burro. Nor did a survey of the hill top discover a single animal. There was nothing to do but find some horse for Lois to ride. They could not get away without it. And yet it was dangerous to stay where they were. The troops might be back at any moment. No one knew what treatment the girls might receive. Bandits looking for ransom were everywhere.

Raquel brought the pinto up to where Lois was waiting on the porch and spoke to him. She tied on the bag of food and put Lois' things in her saddle bag, then she half lifted Lois to his back and took the bridle to reassure the horse, still wild at heart when anyone but his mistress came too near.

On a last impulse Raquel turned down the hill again toward the plaza, hoping to catch a glimpse of some stray horse. Perhaps some second-rate animal had been left behind, tied in a corral, or hobbled on the mountain side.

As if in answer to prayer she heard a nicker and, down at the plaza, under a flaming paradise tree, she caught sight of a large roan horse, awkwardly jumping toward the fountain in the center of the square. His front feet were hobbled.

She helped Lois off again and left her in the shelter of the trees, then ran out and up to the animal. He was thoroughly *manso* and offered her his hind hoof for inspection. He had cast a shoe, but that was not what made

him limp. A nail had become thrust into the tender part of the hoof just enough to hurt when pressure was put upon it. Raquel pulled it out and the friendly creature stretched out his head and wriggled his lips in appreciation.

Back in the bungalow there was a blanket, and Raquel found an old saddle in the stable shed. Then, with Lois mounted, they went quietly side by side down through the grapefruit grove, plucking a number of the big fruits as they passed. Behind the last house should be the trail which Raquel's host of the night before had described. She could not in the least remember what direction they had taken to *Escondido* before. Now she was too far to the right. "Above the houses," the old woman had said. Ah, there it was, a fair trail surely! And they were on it, winding over foothills in a northeasterly direction.

All this while Lois remained silent, dazed. But as they dropped down into an *arroyo*, out of sight of the rest of the world, she whispered timidly. "Where are we going, Raquel?"

"To a ranch called *El Escondido*, where I hope to find my brother Georgie, and where we can be very comfortable and safe. It's not far, and we'll rest by the river we are coming to, and eat something before we start across."

It was very hot there in the sandhills with no protection from the blazing sun, and the last hill they rode over brought them to a sluggish, muddy stream, yellow and swollen with the rains. There were no trees along the river, only mesquite bushes, Spanish dagger and stunted palms. Quickly Raquel sought the one large spot of shade beneath a *maguey* plant and helped the exhausted Lois dismount. Spiking the burlap sack and the saddle blankets from one thorn to another, she contrived a cool tent.

In a little while Raquel peeled an orange, making the girl eat it with a few wheat cakes. She herself then ate as much of the slender provender as she dared, and with good appetite, for she had breakfasted before five that morning.

A little color was returning to Lois' lips. She lay back resting. Presently she looked at Raquel with puzzled eyes. Then after a little silence—

"You—you act as though nothing had ever happened. I should think you'd hate me. I wouldn't have blamed you for leaving me there—in that terrible place." At the thought tears filled her eyes again. Lois was quite unnerved.

"There, you mustn't think of it," Raquel said soothingly, as she hung wet clothes on the bushes above Lois' head to create a bit of moisture in that fearful dryness, while the horses flicked their tails contentedly near, backed into the coolness of the mesquite leaves. Presently the girls slept. The shadows grew longer and Lois' little watch said half-past six when they gradually roused and looked around.

Raquel bathed her face in the stream, which was running clearer now, and freeing the horses she led them down to water. The bank seemed firm enough, without any dangerous quicksands near.

"Come down here, Lois," she called. "We can take a bath here in the river that will refresh us for the ride this evening."

"Oh, Raquel," Lois gasped in dismay, "I couldn't ride another step today."

"You'll feel better when you have had a bath and some food," Raquel answered reassuringly.

After they had bathed and slipped on their freshened

clothes they felt much better. Lois let down her long hair, and brushed it out. In the rich light of the setting sun it looked like a web of purest gold. But her thin skin was cracked and blistered from the unaccustomed exposure, while Raquel's face was like velvet, well nourished from within. Raquel remembered a tiny bottle of olive oil in her saddle bag, and she had Lois rub some over her lips and face. She went off into the desert a little way and came back with a small bundle of *amole* root.

"I pulled this out," she said, "and we'll put a bit in water. You try it and see how soft it is. It's soap-weed you know, and better than any soap I ever saw."

She lined a little hollow in the earth with stones that were hot from the sun, and in a few moments there was a basin of foamy water.

Lois bathed her hands gratefully, "Oh, it's like velvet."

They ate sandwiches of crackers and cheese and guava paste. Lois ate with effort, although the first food she had eaten in days, she said, was what Raquel had given her that day. "There was no one to fix it," she explained.

"You've got to get over that," Raquel remarked dryly. "If we should get separated I don't aim to come back and find you all-in with starvation because you are too proud, or too lazy, or something, to fix yourself something to eat."

"Separated?" Lois exclaimed. "Don't leave me a minute, Raquel."

Lois was not angry at the rebuke, only surprised at the idea of getting food for herself.

"I—I didn't feel like eating," she excused herself. "I've never ridden very far before. Couldn't we stay here to-night?"

Raquel said nothing for a moment, then answered sternly, "Lois, we can't stop at a good hotel till we feel like going on. There's no choice. We've got to go now. We haven't enough food or fresh water to last another day. Another hot day in the desert would mean—well, we can't do it."

And without another word she got up and saddled the horses methodically, for the sun had already set and a baby moon was far up in the sky.

In silence she helped Lois to her feet and upon the horse's back, then quickly mounted Paintbrush and made for the narrowest part of the wide-spread stream. The pinto examined the bottom carefully, withdrew from two places that he did not like, and finally picked the widest part of the meandering river as his choice for fording.

The big horse followed obediently in the pinto's every footstep, which was a good thing, for he would not lead on a rope. Raquel had already tried that and found he pulled back.

Suddenly in the center of the stream the pinto sank down above his flanks, rose up with a fine effort of splendid muscles and, bounding clear of the bottom, began to swim toward the main current.

In a moment he was shaking himself nonchalantly on a firm bit of beach. But Lois' horse stood up to his knees on the far side, refusing to budge. So Raquel had to put Paintbrush across again, which she did easily a bit further up. Lois was transferred to his back and he seemed to realize that he must carry her safely across.

Raquel had no trouble in guiding the big brown, though he floundered dangerously for a few minutes. Ahead of her the pinto swam with Lois bent over the saddle, and then

"It's magic to skip the first and take every fifth"

—that is the cryptic message that comes out of the prison darkness to Shirley Anne in

"Cat's Cradle"

a thrilling new mystery

story by

AUGUSTA HUIELL

SEAMAN

in our November issue

he leaped violently clear of the shaky sands beneath him. Raquel's heart was in her mouth for fear that Lois, wavering in the saddle, would fall off. But they came through safely, and mounted the long dune opposite the river, to see a sandy desert stretching before them, rosy in the setting sun, to a horizon interminable miles away.

"Raquel, Raquel," begged Lois. "Let me get off. I can't do these things. Oh, leave me behind then, if you must go on. I'd rather die."

"Lois! Hush!" Raquel spoke sternly. "You *can* do it. You *did* do it already, and it is easy riding now across the desert," she added relenting.

As the pinto was too quick in movement for Lois, Raquel changed back

the Mexican boy had gone and taken everything, and the little girl who had been her maid did not come any more to wait on her.

The big brown horse began to limp. Raquel looked at Lois' watch by the light of the moon. It was after twelve, clear and beautiful. They had been riding for four hours. They must have come at least twelve miles, perhaps fourteen, she judged. Yet about them stretched only the silvery desert. The old



Out into the sand hills! Lost? No, there it was, a fair trail surely

to her own *compadre*. The stars were out; the night had fallen as softly and quietly as a velvet leaf; the little moon rose higher and higher.

As they rode the two girls talked of school and inconsequential things that did not really enter into the drama of their own lives. But at length the story of Lois and her father came out, bit by bit. After spending the winter in California her father had suddenly decided, Lois said, to return to El Paso; but he stopped off at Douglas, Arizona, with the sudden idea of going on down to the mine at Nacoziari. That was in April. His physician had told him that the climate would be ideal. He was a large stockholder in the company and a close friend of two of the high officials of the mining company at Nacoziari.

In May every one else went back north to avoid the heat, but her father *would* stay. And all at once this new revolutionary disturbance burst out again, and the troops came down into that part of Sonora. And then, suddenly, her father died. The Mexicans had buried him up there, on the hillside, and she couldn't telegraph anybody because all of the wires had been cut by the Mexican general.

She had waited for the officials to come back; and she had written letters, including one to her Cousin Jimmy, and given them to some Mexicans who said they would mail them.

Then the Chinese cook ran away; he was always so frightened that he would hide when he heard a shot. And

woman had had the usual native's idea of distances.

Two hours more of silent riding passed before they stood in the shadow of a hill at the foot of which the sands of the desert washed like the sea. There they stopped. Raquel dismounted and spoke to Lois, who was sitting drooped in the saddle with bent head. She was past speaking, her eyes closed.

"Asleep in her saddle, poor kid," breathed Raquel.

Lois slipped gently into Raquel's arms and was carried to a soft spot where she lay without so much as stirring. Then Raquel lay down close to her charge and fell asleep, while the pinto drooped his head above his mistress.

(Continued on page 37)

Our Own

We can design and print them ourselves—that really expresses ourselves and is

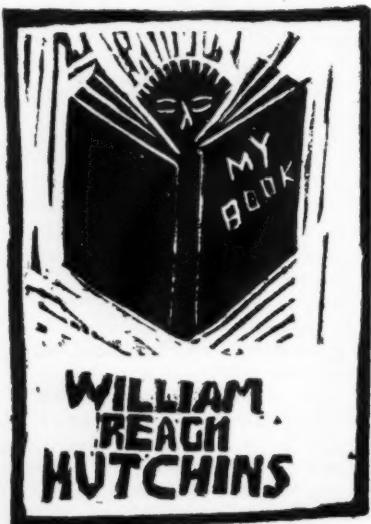
By MABEL REAGH HUTCHINS



Simple in design and clearly cut, this bookplate was made by a young school girl at the Walden School in New York City



Why not a picture of your patrol emblem, the name of your patrol at the top and your own at the bottom



Notice how some of the background of this linoleum block was not cut away, and see what a nice design it makes

HERE is something peculiarly dear about things that belong just to us, like our own names, our own monogram, or some symbol we have made for ourselves. Sometimes we run across our name in print, or unexpectedly find a sheet of paper with our monogram on it, and we say delightedly to ourselves, "Why, that is mine." It is so marked with our own personality that it could not belong to anyone else.

That may be one reason why our own bookplates are so fascinating. We design a picture that seems to belong especially to ourselves, and when we have pasted it into a book we love, we are telling all who look of our sympathy for the author, and of his meaning for us.

And we can make and print delightful bookplates for ourselves from linoleum blocks. They are most practical because the design may be simple enough for even unskilled artists, and we need buy only paper, ink, linoleum, and possibly tools. You may choose your own design, or make one up for yourself (next month we will tell you how to draw your own design)—or you may like to use a variation of your patrol emblem. But to own a bookplate that is entirely your own, you should not only draw the design yourself, but cut the plate and print it. It would be rather fun for each girl in the patrol to make her own design from the patrol emblem, arranging it on the plate to suit herself. Or why not make a patrol bookplate for all the books owned by the patrol?

Beneath the design for your personal plate you may print the words "From the books of Mary Brown" if Mary Brown is your name—or you may have your name preceded by the words *Ex libris*; or From the library of; or The book of; or This book belongs to; or My book.

Or you may say: *This is Mary Brown's book*; or *Mary Brown, Her Book*. Or you may print in merely your own name.

Then, with the design ready, assemble your tools. You will need a piece of battleship linoleum a little larger than your plate, a sharp knife for cutting it, a tube of tempera or a jar of white showcard color, a paint brush (the one in your box of watercolors will do) a sheet of tracing paper, a pencil, a sheet of carbon paper, and the paper to print your plates on. You will also want a sharp penknife to cut out your design on the linoleum, or about three wood-carving tools. Each of these little tools has a wooden handle that fits the hand, and a small sharp steel gouge. Of the three that you will find most useful, one has a small V-shaped gouge, one a narrow U-shaped gouge and the third an open U-shaped gouge. You may buy them for about twenty-five cents each at a hardware store or an art supply store.

Now, with the equipment all assembled, we are ready for work.

First cut your piece of linoleum the size you want your bookplate to be; then draw your design on your drawing paper, making it the same size it is to appear on the plate and remembering to keep the design simple, since it must be cut from the linoleum. If you have only a penknife to cut with, the design should be extremely simple. This applies especially to the lettering. Unless you

Bookplates

*it is fascinating to do—and so have a plate distinguished by being our own handiwork
and ILONKA KARASZ*

make the simplest block letters you will have difficulty in carving them. Divide your space to fit the different sized letters you are going to use; then, instead of making the conventional letter shapes, draw them so that there will be as little carving as possible to get the letter.

When the design is ready, paint the surface of the linoleum with the white paint so that the design will show up better. While the paint is drying, trace the design with your pencil on the transparent tracing paper. When the linoleum is dry put the carbon paper over it, *carbon side down*. Then put the tracing paper, face down, over the carbon paper. Since the tracing paper is transparent, you will be able to see the design on the back side of the paper, and your lettering will be backward. See that your design is in place on the linoleum, then go over the outline of your design carefully with a sharp pencil, pressing down as hard as possible.

After you have removed the paper and carbon, your design will be drawn in outline on your linoleum, the lettering backward. Now shade the part of the design you want to be black in your finished bookplate and leave plain the part you want white.

You are ready to cut—and just a precaution here to prevent cut fingers. Never put the hand holding your work in front of the tool; always keep it to the side or back, as the tool is apt to slip. If you are using a penknife it is better first to run your knife around the edge of the design. Then cut away the part of the design that is to show white, leaving the part that is to be black standing out in relief. The high areas should be at least one-eighth of an inch above the part you have cut away.

If you have wood-carving tools, outline the part that is to print black with the V-shaped tool and cut away all small bits; use the small U-shaped tool to carve around letters and for straight lines. After the letters and outline are cut out, you may cut away all the surface to be white with the larger U-shaped tool.

If you wish a shaded surface instead of the sharp black and white, you can shade it with tiny V-shaped lines as in the bottom figure on page twenty-two.

Your plate is now ready to print, and you have three choices. You may take your plate to a printer who will mount it on a block of wood that is just as high as type is (about 13/16 of an inch), and he will print it for you on his press, charging you a small sum for it.

Or, if you have a printing press of your own, or if your troop or school has one, you can tack your plate to a block of wood that is type-high—or as high as type—and print from it just as you would from a cut or from type.

Or you can get a small rubber roller and a can of printer's ink, and do your own printing. And this is the most fun of all.

To do this, pour the ink onto a flat iron or tin slab—a tin pie plate will do—or a piece of window glass. Roll the roller over the ink—it will take considerable rolling—to spread the ink evenly over the surface of the roller. Then roll the roller over the linoleum block once or twice.

Have your paper for the prints cut about the size you
(Continued on page 36)

You will need tools for a plate as elaborate as this. If you are using a penknife, keep your design extremely simple

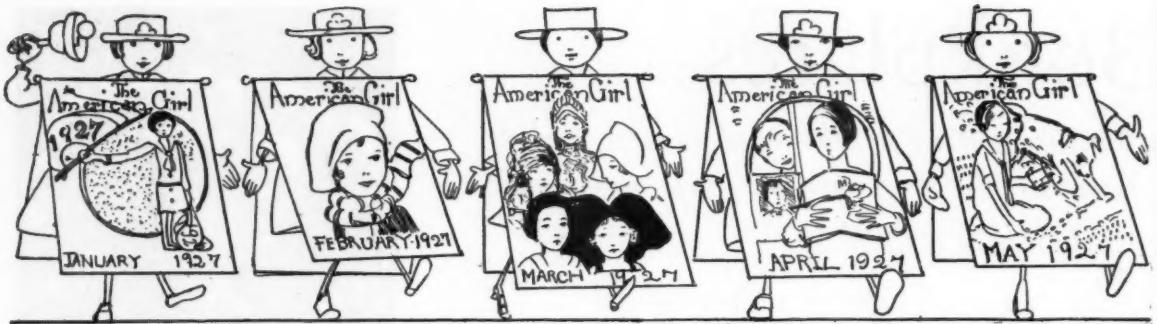


Your name in white letters, cut into the black strip at the bottom would become a part of such a design as this one



You can buy charming plates like this ready made at a book store; with room for you to write your name below





YES, our AMERICAN GIRL friends seem to be everywhere and doing all sorts of things for our magazine. So every year, at Girl Scout Convention time, we have this special AMERICAN GIRL corner just to tell how everyone is helping our magazine along.

"Let me get out the letters and plan what's to go on THE AMERICAN GIRL pages," begged our old friend Gladima Scout at this point. So we put her in charge and half an hour later in she came dragging a huge basketful of the letters which Girl Scouts in all parts of the country have been writing about THE AMERICAN GIRL.

Simply bristling with energy, she started in to sort them and at once ran into difficulties. She wanted to use every one of those letters—and she couldn't!

But finally, after more than one tear because there is only just so much room in the magazine, she brought these to the editor's desk. And here they are:

An American Girl Speech

At a Girl Scout Convention

The very first in the pile is a letter from Ruth Johnson of Charleston, South Carolina. THE AMERICAN GIRL heard a great deal about Ruth through Miss Dorris Hough and many others from National Headquarters who attended the convention of the Girl Scouts of the Southern region last year. Everyone was charmed with this girl of twelve who

"Because It's That's what our American Girl readers to be subscribers and why they want other

made an enthusiastic speech for THE AMERICAN GIRL with such success that subscriptions simply rolled in like waves on a beach. Ruth's picture is on the next page. And she writes that she is now canvassing individual troops in an effort to make Charleston 100% subscribing.

High finance in Ohio

For The American Girl

And here is a little brown paper covered book, labelled *Book Number 26, The Bank of Good Purpose*.

"Yes," Gladima explained, "it's a bank-book."

And she read the typewritten sheets which were attached to the book, getting more and more excited with each sentence, for they describe a plan, originated by Troop Five of Hamilton, Ohio, 100% AMERICAN GIRL subscribers, which assured 100% the next year as well, and the next and the next—on and on. It seemed too good to be true!

The Bank of Good Purpose is a troop bank, in which every girl in the troop

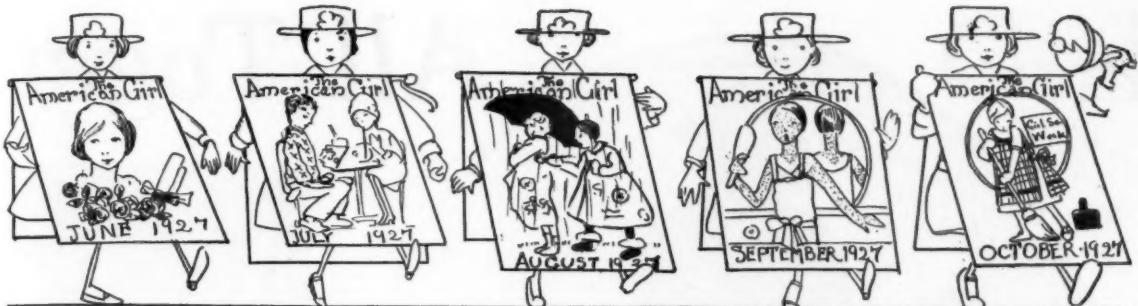


Snider's Studio, Camden, Arkansas
American Girl boosters—Mrs. Lee Timberlake of Camden, Arkansas, and her daughters

holds stock, which is really membership in the Girl Scout organization. This costs fifty cents, and gives the owner the privilege of joining THE AMERICAN GIRL Subscription Club, which is like a Christmas or vacation thrift club in a regular bank, except that it pays interest. The plan is to put as much each week into the Subscription Club as will be necessary to pay for a new subscription when this year's runs out. The club opens in September on the first meeting of the new Girl Scout year and closes in December, when most subscriptions expire. In these sixteen weeks, the girls figured that it would be necessary to save \$1.44 each, which, with the interest, amounts to \$1.50—the price of an AMERICAN GIRL subscription. Depositors began by putting in two cents; the second week each put in four cents, and the third week, six, until they had reached a sixteen cent deposit. Then they reduced it, week by week, until they came down to eight cents, then to six, then to four and then to two. By this time the goal was reached. Each girl had saved her subscription money. Anyone who wanted to



Here they are, girls of Oak Troop Five of Middletown, New York, the winners of our Girls Room Contest, ready to start out on an American Girl campaign. Good luck!



Our Magazine"

say when they are asked to tell why they like girls to know our magazine and to take it, too



Ruth Johnson, of Charleston, South Carolina, is a real American Girl fan

could add fifty cents and take advantage of the two dollar two year offer.

The money is collected each week by patrol leaders in patrol corners and is marked in the bank-books, which, by the way, were made especially to fit uniform pockets. Then the whole amount is deposited by the troop treasurer in the troop account and, when the time comes, she sends it to THE AMERICAN GIRL office with the various subscription blanks.

Isn't it a good idea? The highest amount put in the bank means only one ice-cream soda, and the lowest two penny slot machine chocolates or a stick of peppermint. We're hoping, here in New York, that a great many troops will follow the examples of Troop Five.

And our Advertisements!

One inspired a new sweet

One clever reader of THE AMERICAN GIRL, Helen O'Toole of Mount Vernon, New York, read the Postum advertisement (nearly all our readers, by the way, seem to find our advertisements interesting—a girl confessed to reading every single one every month). Well, Helen O'Toole read about Postum and had a

brilliant idea—two brilliant ideas, in fact. The first took the form of a candy recipe in which Postum is used, and the second of a boiled cake icing—also Postum flavored. Everyone in THE AMERICAN GIRL office was lucky enough to get a bite of the candy. "Luscious!" we all said. Here is the recipe:

Postum Candy

2 cups sugar
2 teaspoons Instant Postum
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cups boiling water
2 tablespoons White Karo
Vanilla extract
Any kind of nuts or shredded coconut, as desired.

Boil the sugar. Dissolve the Instant Postum in the boiling water and add the Karo. Add this mixture to the boiling sugar and stir until the sugar is dissolved—but do not stir again. Boil until the syrup threads; pour on a platter that has been rinsed in cold water and, when cool, beat with a knife or spatula. As soon as it is stiff and creamy, add vanilla and nuts or coconut and mould with the hands into little balls.

This is an idea for you. If any AMERICAN GIRL advertisements inspire you to create something new, just write and tell us about it, will you?

Here's an idea!

Why not try it in your paper?

AMERICAN GIRL columns—they're the latest thing to have in your Girl Scout papers. *Girl Scout Echoes* of Portsmouth, Ohio, never fails to mention "its big chum," THE AMERICAN GIRL, in every issue. Mary Crowe, the editor, writes that her paper and she are always at our service. Thank you, Mary.

The *Dot and Dash*, Manhattan's patrol leaders' bulletin, published an AMERICAN GIRL number this spring, urging that everyone subscribe who hadn't already done so. It contained a poem ending:

"Page after page filled with interest and fun,
You just can't let it go until you are done."

Now how, I ask, can anyone miss, Reading a magazine as good as this?"

We hope a great many other Girl Scout publications will have AMERICAN GIRL news notes. If you have any in yours, will you send us a copy, please? And if you're inspired to break into verse, send that, too. In fact, if you use THE AMERICAN GIRL in any way at all, be sure to write Helen Ferris a letter telling her all about what you are doing.



"Good publicity for Girl Scouting!" That's what they say about The American Girl. Here is a Girl Scout tent at the state fair at Topeka, Kansas, where the magazine was featured.

All Together



There was great excitement in Chicago when the returns came in from the Christmas drive for American Girl subscriptions, last year. Before the campaign ended they had reached the thousand mark. What city will qualify for the Christmas Honor Roll this year?



(Below) The editorial staff of "Dot Dash," the Manhattan patrol leaders' bulletin, got out an American Girl number. Why don't you do it too, some time?



Squantum and bread-on-a-stick and pancakes and baked bananas! What a menu for hungry overnight hikers! These Girl Scouts of Birmingham, Alabama, know many luscious dishes to cook over an outdoor campfire. Where did they get the recipes? Why, from American Girl Outdoor Cooking pages!



for The American Girl



Duluth, Minnesota, Girl Scouts make use of The American Girl both indoors and out. At the left they are advertising it by means of a clever sled-float at their winter sports carnival. And at the right they are enjoying the stories in their own Girl Scout Little House



This is
a page of girls
who have helped
make the maga-
zine. Don't you
want your picture
on it next year?



Give the American
Girl for Christ-
mas, and ask for
it, too. And if
you're having a
rally, don't forget
to have an Ameri-
can Girl number.
Girl Scouts of the
Oranges, New Jér-
sey, did. (Right)



Here (to the left) is The American Girl at Pine Grove Camp, Pennsylvania. It's open to the Puzzle Page—and what could be nicer than solving puzzles in a shady spot by a brook?



I did have the best time. Denise, who was the dancing teacher, let me do a solo dance for the camp birthday

And dancing was only part of it. The girls liked me a lot, too, and I get all thrillly yet whea I think of the fun I had

"I Am a Girl Who—

*doesn't have to worry about the things that most other girls do
—almost everything comes my way—and that's my trouble"*

ISUPPOSE I'm the last person in the world that anyone would think had real troubles. And I never had any until this summer. That is, I did have them, but I was too busy having a good time to notice them. Or I was too busy counting my blessings to notice my sorrows.

But I have a lot of blessings to count. There is good looks, for instance. You see mother was a beauty and she gave Pam and me our share. And I enjoy being good looking. And I don't ever have to worry about getting invited places, because I always am. Of course, Pamela's being so pretty and popular helps me a lot. She's already done all the things I'm beginning to do and she tells me about them; and then mother's so jolly and clever that the crowd likes to come to our house. And Pamela plays enough jazz so that we have music to dance by; and she is such a peach at planning parties for me.

We haven't any money, but we don't count that a trouble. Father died when Pam was eight and I was five and mother has had to scrimp along the best she could. But she always manages somehow. I remember last Christmas it was my turn to entertain our club. There are just twelve of us and we had been having Friday night parties at each other's houses. They were simple parties at first, but one person added one thing and the next one another until when Mildred Morris had us it was a regular party with ices from the caterer's and everything.

The next morning I was telling the family about it, and when I said it would be my turn next, Pam just whistled and said, "Infant, there's not a twenty-five cent piece in this whole family to put into a party."

And mother looked worried. "But Marcia has accepted the hospitality of her friends," she said. "We'll have to make our wits concoct some amusement for them." The next day she went downtown and got a job in Martin's store for the afternoons before Christmas and earned some money; and she and Pam thought up the most luscious re-

Illustrations by Clara Elsene Peck

freshments out of peppermint stick candy and ice cream, and mother invented some new games, and Pam planned a Christmas charade and played for us to dance, and the party was a grand success.

It always has been that way. When I was dying for music lessons Aunt Bess came along and volunteered to pay for them; and when my shoes were about to go through there'd come a check from Uncle Waldo that would buy new ones. And I never worried much because I always skinned through.

Even my exams. Last year the principal thought I wouldn't pass and wrote mother a letter about it. But Pamela sat up with me every night until twelve o'clock and crammed grammar and history and civics into me. And I did pass.

Mother wasn't very happy about it, though. She said I depended too much on luck, and she said a lot about concentrating. Then I had a chance to go to camp and I told mother that proved there was a lot in my luck.

It was at camp that I found my trouble. Although, goodness knows, I had a wonderful time. It makes me all thrillly yet to think about the fun I had. I don't know what I loved most. There was the day I made my first swan dive. Freckles, the swimming teacher, said it was the prettiest one he had ever seen, and when we had intercamp day with the Kanakas who were our neighbor camp, I won five points for our camp by doing it. And Denise, who was the dancing teacher, let me do a solo dance on the green for the camp birthday, and I started weaving the most gorgeous scarf. There was the night we climbed Pike, and the day we had horseback games. And the girls liked me a lot. They used all to come over to our tent.

Then the blow came. Miss Katy called me into her shack one day after rest hour and said, "How are you coming with your honor, Marcia? Your counselor tells me you haven't been a perfect housekeeper, nor a perfect rester," and she sort of grinned. "How about everything else?"

At our camp at the end of the summer they give "honors" to the girls who accomplish certain things. You didn't have to try for any honor if you didn't want to, but I had made up my mind to get the prep.

I made a good start. I told you about my dives and dancing and my weaving. But I started going on trips and I hadn't finished anything.

Miss Katy looked serious and said, "Well, if I were you I'd complete some of these things right away."

I had two dives and my tired-swimmer-carry to do in swimming and I had to invent a game for the younger children in dancing and my scarf wasn't finished, and I had to plan the meals for a trip.

"The counselors feel that you are slipping," Miss Katy said. "You made a brilliant start, but you seem to be quitting at the finish."

I was too astonished to speak. "And I think your mother was thinking the same thing. She said she thought that you had come to rely on Pamela to pull you out of everything."

Well, I was cross. I went right over to the lake and started practicing my dives. I thought I'd show them.

I don't know what became of the next ten days. I went on a canoe trip for one thing, and I practiced for the pageant, and somehow nothing got finished. You see I thought I'd get my honor anyway.

But I didn't get it. The day of the banquet was a nightmare. Miss Katy told me the night before,

I didn't think I was going to mind much. But I did mind. When everybody else was called up—that is, almost everybody in camp—all the girls were expecting my name to be called next and it wasn't. And when they sang the honor song to the girls and ended with

"For they stuck to the end"
I thought I couldn't stand it, although I pretended I didn't mind.

But when Miss Katy had me down in front of her shack after taps I didn't pretend any more. I cried. She didn't mush over me a bit. She said, "You do have a hard time. And the reason is, strangely enough, because things are too easy for you. You have the best chance of any one I know to be a parasite—to go through life getting things for nothing. And I don't know why it is, but you generally find that by that sort of thing you have traded away your own soul, you have given away your independence of spirit, the important individual thing that is you."

After she had gone I sat out in front a long while. The North Star was up there in its place and all the planets in theirs. I felt so small. They wouldn't even take the trouble to call me a quitter. That had been the word back in Miss Katy's mind that she had been too kind to say.

And I stood up right there in the night and shook my fist at the sky. "I won't be a quitter any more than you are," I told them. "I won't!"

This is a true story written anonymously by a girl who found herself in the situation described. Perhaps you would like to tell Helen Ferris about your problems. Mark the envelope "Personal," and she will be the only one to read it.



IN THE FINE CAR FIELD, THE TREND IS UNDOUBTEDLY TOWARD EIGHTS -

THE superiority of the eight as a type is plain, but plainer still is the superiority of the Hupmobile Eight among its kind. It stands out with startling clearness. In Hupmobile, exterior beauty and interior luxury are builded upon the swift smoothness, the sparkling performance, and the ease which you can expect only from a fine straight eight. Custom bodies, created and built by Dietrich exclusively for this notable chassis, are available

o o

Beauty, Color Options, Luxury in fourteen closed and open bodies, \$1795 to \$5795, f. o. b. Detroit, plus revenue tax

H U P M O B I L E
T H E
D I S T I N G U I S H E D
E I G H T

When It's Girl Scout Week in Girl Scouting

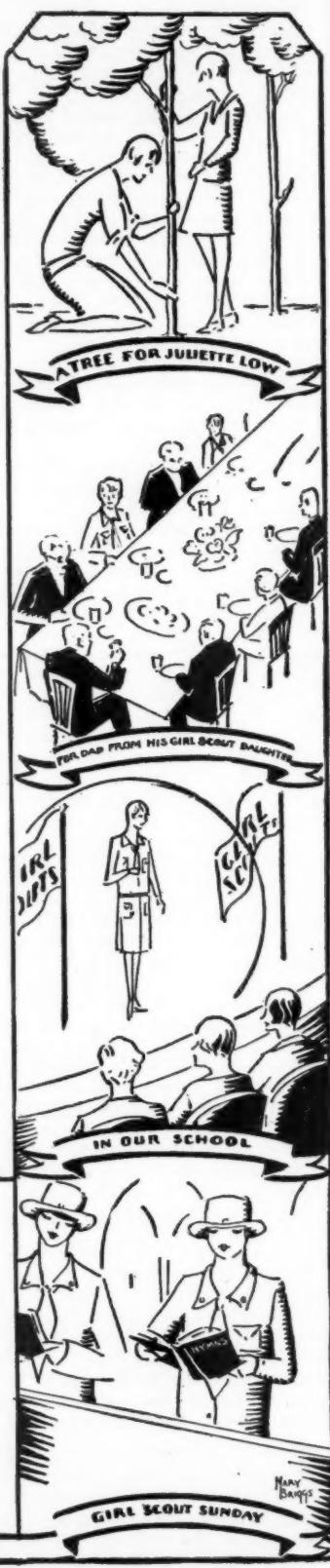
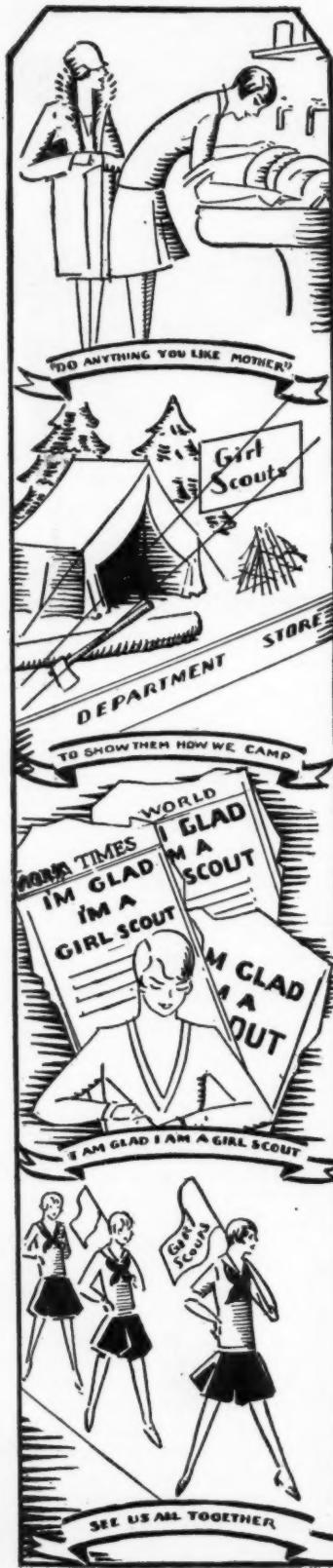
Illustrations by Mary Briggs

Is everyone in your town going to hear about the Girl Scouts during Girl Scout Week this year? Is your mother going to have a day off to celebrate—with you in charge in the kitchen? Is Dad, perhaps, going to receive an invitation to a special dinner in his honor? Are the people who walk along the streets going to see attractive Girl Scouts exhibits in the store windows? Are the newspapers going to print news about the Girl Scouts or have an essay contest on "I am glad I am a Girl Scout" or other alluring topic?

Are you planning to plant a tree in memory of our own Juliette Low? Or have a rally so that your friends may see all the Girl Scouts in town together? There is so much to do for our Girl Scout Week which, as you know, is from October ninth to October fifteenth.

When we remember that Girl Scout Week comes but once a year, we want to do everything on this page and more, too! Talk with your captain now about your plans. If you have a local director where you live, she will tell you how all the Girl Scouts in town are going to celebrate Girl Scout Week and just what your troop's share is to be.

If there are just a few troops in your town, your captain will see the other captains and make plans. Don't try to do too much, for everyone should enjoy Girl Scout Week. A program, day by day, will help you. Decide just what you wish to do—whether it's a cake baking contest with the mayor as judge, or a store window exhibit contest with the Rotary or Kiwanis Clubs as judges, or a party at the day nursery or a rally. Then decide just when and where everything is to take place. And your Girl Scout Week celebration will be on its way!



Tall and Skinny as a Bean Pole

(Continued from page 13)

Nancy caught her breath. Where was her Uncle Tom? Would he ever get here? Flame showed its ruddy face in two second floor windows. It spit out long tongues from the basement. All the engines that were stationed within miles were pumping water into the car barns' fire.

Nancy stopped where she was, her thoughts paralyzed. Memory returned to her in a flash.

Old Mr. Leary had a broken ankle! That was why he hadn't come down.

She rushed into the front door, and immediately drew back. She could not get above the first floor in front now. She thought of the rear porches.

She swung blindly to the right and plunged down the smoky alley until she reached the rear wall and stairway. Flame crackled threateningly overhead as she set her running feet on the first floor porch. A flash of yellow light shone into her eyes. Fire had smashed through a window, broken glass rattled under her feet. She ran upward, into the swelling light. At the second floor she stopped.

Just ahead, cutting off the wooden stair, a broad flame licked outward. On the porch at the top she heard Mr. Leary. He was rolling his chair, back and forth . . . back and forth. Nancy peered upward, with one foot on the step. She couldn't go that way. Too much flame.

At her right hand a wooden post supported the floor of the porch above. She leaned over, yanking the long strings of her hiking boots. In stocking feet she ran across the board floor to the corner farthest from the fire. She clasped the supporting post and started to climb.

"Firm grip, hand over hand . . ." so her uncle had taught her.

She went up nimbly. In ten seconds her fingers had reached the railing above.

"Help!" the cry came more clearly. "Help! The house is burning!"

Nancy gripped the post and shinned higher.

Once more she felt a railing. She crawled over it and stood gasping on the porch at the back of Mr. Leary's flat. Smoked clawed at her throat and stuffed her nostrils.

She sped across the porch. Mr. Leary sprawled in a heap in his invalid chair.

"I'll help you!" Nancy cried.

How had her uncle said it that very afternoon?

"He'll clean up his basement," Captain Tom Oldfield had sworn, "so's you all won't go crawling down a knotted sheet from a third story window some night!"

She could knot a sheet now!

The back door stood open, leading from the porch. Nancy staggered through it. There would be a bedroom at the right, if the flat were planned like her own. An electric light pricked dimly in the smoke. She felt her way to a great high bed and ripped off two sheets.

She knotted them together rapidly. A chest stood against the west wall. She jerked open two drawers, another. There

were sheets in the bottom one. She pulled out three. These she rolled and knotted.

"Here . . . let me tie these to you!" she bade Mr. Leary.

He was an old man and thin, not so heavy as she imagined. She lifted him out of his chair, braced him with one arm, on his one good foot, against a big wheel. Then she looped one end of the knotted sheets under his arms, doubled it, passed it over his elbows. With one turn about the corner post, she held the linen rope tight. She must stop for breath as she balanced the man on the rail.

She cried out, "Take care!" and let him down slowly.

The sheet became taut. She heard the landlord exclaim in fright as he felt vacancy beneath his feet.

Behind her, flames reached out. Great bursts of heat whipped up at her face. The sheets slid through her fingers, three feet, four. Fire spurted out.

Two more feet.

Far across the housetops sounded a shrill, assuring wail. The cry of a fire department siren. Others answered it excitedly, coming nearer. The sheets eased downward. Two feet more.

Nancy leaned over the rail. The old man was spinning recklessly at the end of her improvised fire escape. Smoke and the darkness hid him from her eyes. Only her fingers that ached told her how the sheets twisted and jerked with his frightened antics. He must be opposite the second floor.

The rope eased two feet more, and then three. Panic gripped Nancy. Old Mr. Leary, screaming and writhing down below, was still many feet above the alley pavement. And less than two arm lengths of knotted sheet remained.

The fire marched across the porch to meet her.

She made the ends of the linen fast about the rail, doubled and knotted it, tested its strength and let go. He could swing there safely a few minutes. There was little time now for thinking. She leaped to the corner, gripped bare arms and long legs about the square post, and started to slide.

She passed the second floor. Just below, she heard the cries of old Mr. Leary. As she passed him she shouted:

"I'll get you down!"

A siren drowned her voice. The first arriving pumper had shrieked in the street in front of the building. Men were running through the alley.

Nancy swung to the rail of the first floor porch. She reached upward, drawing the old man toward her. With a mighty effort she lifted him to her shoulder and fought against the hard knots.

She labored stubbornly. Fire hummed nearer. And then a fireman charged up to the porch, his ax in his hand.

"Loosen those knots!" Nancy bade.

Nancy dropped to the ground and squeezed shut her eyes. The fireman did not need much time to finish the undertaking. He eased the old man down, still kicking, still screaming, still twisting. Nancy followed to the alley. Her throat ached, and her eyes and her head.

(Continued on page 32)

Colors stay where they belong!

They don't run and they don't fade —when you wash your suits and dresses with Fels-Naptha Soap.

Fels-Naptha is unusually good soap combined with plenty of naptha. The naptha loosens the grease and dirt—the rich, soapy suds wash them away. Fels-Naptha works splendidly in cool or lukewarm water, and keeps the colors in your clothes! You know, of course, that most colored things should only be washed in cool or lukewarm water.

Your mother will welcome the extra help of Fels-Naptha . . . and it is gentle to the hands! Your grocer sells Fels-Naptha Soap.



Mother's Household Helps

Those tiny motors that help take the drudgery out of mother's housework run so fast that only the finest oil will prevent excessive wear and unnecessary repair bills.

3-in-One

Prevents Rust. OILS. Cleans & Polishes
has just the right consistency for properly oiling all small motors. It won't burn out at high speeds; won't gum; won't evaporate.

Suggest to mother to put a drop or two in the oil hole or oil cup of her vacuum cleaner, sewing machine or washing machine motor every time she uses it. 3-in-One penetrates quickly; works out old grease and dirt and provides perfect lubrication.

At all good stores in 1-oz., 3-oz. and $\frac{1}{2}$ -pint bottles and in 3-oz. Handy Oil Cans.

FREE—Generous sample and Illustrated Dictionary of Uses. Write for both on a postal.

THREE-IN-ONE OIL COMPANY
130 William St., New York, N. Y.

33 Years of Continuous Service
KRS73

Art and Craft Supplies

including Craft Leathers

Tools and Designs. Beads and Loom. Hooked-Rug Outfit and Supplies. Reeds, Raffia and All Basket Materials. Artists and China Painting Supplies, Etc. Etc.—Interesting Free Catalogues on Request.
The Jayson Co. Inc., 217-219 Mercer St., N. Y.
(Dept. 214)

Hazel Rawson Cades plans a fall outfit for you in November



If other girls envy your
Girl Scout Uniform

Wait till they see THIS KIT!

IT'S the new Girl Scout Kit—made according to Girl Scout Headquarters' specifications—and the most compact thing in all the world!

Inside the khaki cover is a metal case—rustproof. Inside that—all the things you need for real First Aid—and an 84-page booklet on First Aid, besides.

Ask to see it at your nearest Girl Scout Headquarters. It costs just 80 cents.

Johnson + Johnson
NEW BRUNSWICK NEW JERSEY



Made to the specifications of Girl Scout Headquarters



Make Money for Your Troop This Christmas

Color and sell Christmas cards—25 \$1.00
cards with envelopes and directions for

BETTY KING
112 West 11th St. New York City

Tall and Skinny as a Bean Pole

(Continued from page 31)

Four men ran past her with a black line of hose flapping behind them. New sirens squealed in the street. A short, chunky man, his mouth full of noise and his legs beating heavily, charged into the alley.

"Nancy!" he was bellowing. "Nancy! For the love of ladders, Nancy! Has she got burnt up? Nancy!"

"Uncle Tom!" Nancy whispered.

Hours had passed when Nancy awakened with her clothes on in a neighbor's bed. The Maywood Department, winded and blistered from the struggle at the car barns, had drowned out the apartment fire.

"Blasted fire trap!" Captain Tom Oldfield growled. He brought Nancy a pair of shoes and a heavy jacket. "Leary wants to see you," he said. "Think you can walk?"

The owner of the building sat morosely in the next room.

"Ye didn't deserve being lugged

down!" Captain Oldfield snorted. "Such a mess of oily rags, and kindlings ag'in the furnace. But there's who rescued you, and askin' your pardon, it's the same lady you was calling a giraffe!"

Old Mr. Leary stared.

"You? Was it a girl carried me down?" Nancy did not speak. There were so many people watching and listening.

"I was thinking about a reward," the old man faltered.

"Reward?" Nancy choked. "I couldn't take a reward!"

"You must!" cried Mr. Leary.

Captain Tom Oldfield turned fiercely. "Tut!" he shouted. "And it's you who's tellin' her again what she must and can't do? 'Course she'll take no reward. Think I taught her to climb for nothing? But say!" He slapped his hands noisily. "By the hydrants, she'll do this! She'll lug down as many cats off'n poles as she's a mind to!"

For the first time in many years the neighbors saw old Mr. Leary smile.

Curly Rides High

(Continued from page 9)

her that there were tears of rage in her eyes. She was only a thousand feet high now, and she pushed the stick even further ahead. Her firm little jaw set, and eyes afire with the heat of her wrath, she sent the scout flashing downward.

She flashed by the fleeing motor and circled in front of it. Frantically she gestured at the lone driver, pointing back. He stared at her interestedly, but he did not slacken speed in the slightest. Three times she circled him, trying to force him to stop, but he would not.

Curly was the embodiment of anger. Always conscious of the pitiful victims ten miles up the road, her mind visualized all sorts of injuries. She must and would stop that car . . .

There was but one thing to do.

The scout flashed ahead, low over the road. Nearly a mile ahead she saw what she wanted. She threw the S. E. into a bank, turned, and straightening out a few feet above the road, pointed back toward the oncoming car. There was a stretch of straight highway where the mesquite left a few feet clearance on each side of the road.

She cut the throttle decisively, and sent the scout downward in a shallow dive. She must fly more accurately than she had ever been forced to fly before, for her wingtips would not escape the trees by more than five feet on a side if she stayed in the center of the road.

Head over the side of the cockpit, her white face set and her narrowed gray eyes shining coolly, she leveled off two feet above the rutted road. As she felt the scout hover, losing speed, she jerked back on the stick. She landed without a bounce, and then came the fight. For the moment she forgot everything except that her precious ship bade fair to be wrecked. As it lost speed, the wind pressure against the rudder lessened, and the ship was almost uncontrollable. She

fought desperately to keep it rolling straight, and before it had come to rest she saw that it was impossible to do it.

In a flash she had unsnapped the safety belt, and her parachute harness. She was over the side of the cockpit in an instant, and, just in time, she grasped the left wingtip and tugged backward. The ship turned slowly to the right, and escaped the lefthand ditch toward which it had been headed.

Gasping with relief, she turned off the motor and ran around in front of the plane.

Just as she took her stand the big automobile sped around the curve. Its brakes whined, and it slid to a stop on locked wheels. The huge, fleshy man at the wheel looked as though he had seen a ghost and, as the slim girl, attired in coveralls which made her look like a boy, raced toward him, he jumped out of the car.

"Gosh!" the man ejaculated. "It's a girl!"

"Yes, it's a girl. And I landed to stop you. You're a miserable coward, that's what you are!"

"What do you mean?" he snapped. "Of all the crazy—"

"Mean? You know what I mean!" the quivering girl flashed back at him. "You wreck a car, land it in the ditch, hurt the people in it so badly they don't move, and then run away! Leave them to suffer and starve and—"

"Be yourself!" he rasped in an Irish brogue. His fleshy face was a mixture of surprise and rising wrath. "I didn't wreck no car—"

"You did, and you're going back right now and carry the wounded people into McMullen with you."

"If that car I passed wrecked, it wrecked itself! I can't go back! And I won't. I'll send a car out from McMullen for 'em, but I ain't got a minute to loose! I got to make that four twenty for

"It's magic to skip the first and take every fifth"

San Antonio, I tell you! Now git out o' the way, and let me by!"

"I won't let you by! I'll leave my ship right here until you go back! You can't leave these people there to die!"

"Lady, I don't know who on earth you are, but you'd better get wise to who I am! I'm—"

"I don't care who you are!" Curly raged, a half sob in her voice. "You go back, and go back now. I saw it all with my own eyes. I won't get out of the way, and you won't get by, and—"

She stopped, and shrank back fearfully. The Texan seemed to grow in stature, and for a moment ungovernable fury was reflected in his face.

Consequently, when he spoke it was a shock. He had himself under control but it had taken a herculean effort.

"Yuh got me, Miss," he said slowly. "It's lucky yuh ain't a man. But I won't be forgittin'."

As he turned to his car Curly slumped weakly. Pounding at the door of her mind was an intuitive knowledge which made her heart sink, somehow. He had spoken of himself as though very sure of his position—and there were many positions of power along the border. Some were not positions, nor held by men, of whom to be proud.

"He's—he's some smuggler or something!" she told herself grimly as he backed his car, turned, and fairly shot down the road. "Nobody but a—an outlaw and a terrible person would do what he did!"

And this she knew, too. He was her enemy. He had said that he didn't forget. But what could he do?

CHAPTER II

A Mystery from the Sky

Twenty minutes later, from a safe post a thousand feet high, she had seen her enemy lift a limp form from the wreck, place it in his car, and start for McMullen. It was four-thirty already. He had missed the single daily train to San Antonio, and Curly smiled a gleeful smile. Somehow he didn't seem so to be dreaded, now that she was in the air.

She swung southward a trifle, toward the river, where there were a few cultivated fields. She climbed slowly, and within twenty miles of McMullen was nearly four thousand feet high again.

She felt tired, somehow. It had been a nervous strain, that experience. And she'd been flying quite a while. Still, that lithe, steel-muscled body of hers, with all the strength of pioneer blood in it, rarely knew fatigue.

She relaxed in the cockpit, flying automatically as her feathery little craft bounded buoyantly through the heavens. How the flyers would enjoy that story she was going to tell them!

Then for the second time that afternoon her body grew suddenly rigid and her vaguely wandering eyes concentrated fiercely. She strained forward, wiping her goggles, as she bent her gaze on a speck above the chapparel of Mexico. It was an airplane, higher than she was, speeding over the border from Mexico.

An airplane coming north from Mex.
(Continued on page 36)

How Peggy saved her SWEATER

A story about two girls and their sweaters

PEGGY ELLIOTT was not naturally jealous. But she could not help envying Polly just a little this morning as they walked together to school. She owned a sweater exactly like Polly's . . . bought at the same time, at the same store.

The colors of Polly's sweater still looked as fresh and bright, and the shoulders, waist and sleeves fitted as snugly as the day it was bought. Peggy's had lost its freshness. It sagged in the back. The sleeves were too long.

"How do you keep your sweater so new, Polly?" asked Peggy after the fifth long look. "Mine is hanging in my closet right this minute, all out of shape. And it's not as soft as it was, either."

"It's not a secret, Peg," answered Polly. "Mother showed me how to wash a sweater without hurting it. She always uses *Fab* and she gets the bubbliest suds! You put about a tablespoon of *Fab* in the washbowl in water that is just nicely warm. Mother tests it with her elbow as she does baby's bath.

"Before we put the sweater in the water we measured the length, width and sleeves and wrote down the measurements. Then mother taught me not to handle a sweater like an old gingham dress—but to squeeze it through two warm suds. Then after two or three rinses it is almost always clean and soft. Remember, Peggy, never to rub or twist it or any woolen garment.

"Then to dry your sweater, roll it tightly



"Mother showed me how to wash a sweater without hurting it,"
Polly answered.

in several towels and be sure to have a towel between the front and the back of the sweater if they have different colors. After pressing out all the moisture you can, place it on a towel and gently stretch it until the length, width and sleeves measure exactly what they did before washing.

"It's so quick and easy," exclaimed Polly, "and such fun to pat it and pull it back into perfect shape."

When Polly arrived home that night, she wrote to Janet Read, whose name she had seen in *Fab* advertisements and on *Fab* boxes and asked her to send Peggy a sample of *Fab* and all the information she would need to wash not only sweaters, but dresses and stockings and all sorts of dainty things.

Peggy was surprised and delighted when she received her sample. She lost no time in following the instructions she received.

And now her old sweater is as good as new and looks and fits as well as Polly's. If you mail this coupon, Janet Read will send you what she sent Peggy.

Janet Read
Colgate & Co.,
Dept. A-10,
595 Fifth Avenue,
New York.

Please send me Washing
Directions for sweaters, dresses,
gloves, stockings, etc., and a sample
box of *Fab*.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

—That's the clue in Augusta Huiell Seaman's mystery story next month



She Has Money of Her Own

AT the Prom she had on the prettiest dress of all—chiffon!" breathed one girl rapturously.

"And when we took up tennis, she was the first to have her racket and things. I wish I had my own money!"

Nobody knew—but she had heard them. She was as happy as a Queen as she sat there. She could remember—one time—when she, too, had to do with a small weekly allowance. And now it was easy for her to earn \$2 or \$5 whenever she wanted it. In a single Saturday afternoon if necessary!

Money of your own—

That's something worth having, isn't it? It's worth working for.

When boys begin to need things, they find it easy to pick up little odd jobs for extra pocket money—like mowing a lawn, or shovelling snow. Not that we couldn't do that. But just because we're girls—it almost seems a disadvantage, doesn't it?

However—luck for us!—it isn't. If you've longed for a good little camera, to become an amateur photographer. If you've often wished to give little treats to the girls but were never able to. If you've wanted fur-lined gloves, and nickel-plated ice skates. If . . .

But the question has always been—"How?"

Just nineteen years ago this October, some girls got together about the question "How", and tried to bury it for all time. They had great success! Yes—they thought of a way—and it was a good way. It worked! And that was how our Pin-Money Club began!

Today ten thousand girls belong to it. Wouldn't you like to join us in our work? Write to me today. It won't cost you a penny—and of course you place yourself under no obligation. I am just wishing to send you our booklet called "A Way to Make Your Own Money", and show you how you, too, can have that magic thing—money of your own!

Just address your letter to

Margaret Clarke

Secretary, Pin Money Club

Department 3

Woman's Home Companion

250 Park Avenue

New York City New York

(Continued from page 18)
into anything new. In spite of this, she left, saying she would count on me.

When she got back from her lecture trip, full of enthusiasm over the way Mrs. Storror and the Boston ladies were preparing to train themselves, and over the enthusiastic welcome that the woman's club in Cincinnati had given her and the work that they were going to do, she announced that she was now going to settle down in an empty house, from which Mrs. Price had just moved, to spend the next week there, writing the Girl Scout handbook for the American Girls and making whatever changes in Sir Robert's program she felt necessary for its use in America.

I was still laughingly declining to be elected to any office and had absolutely no intention of going into the work, but she found time to speak to me or call me up every day that week, until finally one day she made me promise to at least come to the convention, and left saying: "Well, you might very much better accept the position of vice-president if you are elected, or else we will give you a job that really entails some work."

With this threat hanging over me, I went to the meeting the next morning and found some sixteen or twenty women from Savannah, Washington, Boston, New York and Cincinnati in a great state of excitement. Daisy persuaded me to leave my name as vice-president on the ticket on the score that it was the only possible way of helping her.

"The Board" was duly elected and one meeting was held before Mrs. Low left New York for England after she had rented one room at 17 West 42nd Street and installed the Girl Scout files, badges and Mr. Gammon from the South, as Secretary.

After the next meeting with Mrs. Low in October, she went to Savannah for the winter and the rest of us met once a month and were amazed each time by the signs of growth and life in the movement. At that time there were 3000 girls enrolled.

In November, 1916, Mr. Coy, the treasurer, said he felt it of great importance that some money should be raised so that Mrs. Low should no longer bear the entire burden of expense. Mrs. Snowden Marshall and I were made the committee to concoct the first letter of appeal. Our aim was \$1000.00. We told our friends in our letter that we wanted contributions of five dollars and ten dollars. For twenty-five dollars one might become a life member and never be bothered again, a promise from which they all released us later.

Our efforts were successful and more than a thousand dollars was in hand by January when Mrs. Low came north for a Board Meeting. She was so pleased by this success and

by the growth of the troops that she moved Mr. Gammon with his files and badges to an office in the Harriman Bank Building, 527 Fifth Avenue, where she took two rooms and settled Mr. Gammon with a stenographer as his assistant.

During the course of that winter, I heard that Dean Russell of Teachers' College was much interested in the idea of a Girl Scout movement, and at a chance meeting he invited me to come and tell him about it. All sorts of other people showed their interest and much of the winter was spent in getting in touch with people—Mr. Frank Dodge expressed his interest; Miss Caroline Lewis came to lunch and told us of her Girl Scout troop in the city; Miss Cora Nelson turned her sewing class of Italian children into a Girl Scout troop. Everywhere people were enthusiastic.

When war was declared with Germany in April, 1917, the Girl Scout Board held a special meeting and sent a telegram offering its assistance to the President of the United States. Within a very few days of the declaration of war all sorts of appeals for Girl Scout captains and for help in starting Girl Scout troops began to pour into our office from all over the United States. It has always been a mystery to me how so many people heard of us. Mr. Gammon was completely snowed under. He sat in despair with piles of letters of inquiry surrounding him. It was then that I remembered Dean Russell's offer of assistance, and rather tremblingly wrote to ask him for an appointment. This was promptly granted and he was so much interested by the accounts of how our groups were growing—since the previous November they had almost doubled—that he put on his hat and coat and went right down to our headquarters with me.

Dean Russell talked at length with Mr. Gammon and was sufficiently pleased by all he saw and heard to agree to become a member of the Girl Scout Board and to write Mr. Francis P. Dodge of his approval of our work and efforts so that more financial support was immediately forthcoming. He also wrote Mrs. V. Everitt Macy who was then living in Washington and urged her to join our Board and to give us her support. And he persuaded me to go to Washington to see her and to follow

up his suggestions. She was immensely interested from the first, and accepted Mrs. Low's invitation to become a member of the Board. At about this time Mrs. J. J. Storror came from Boston to find out what the New York Headquarters were doing.

During that summer, Mrs. Low kept in constant touch with the growing work. Upon the resignation of Mr. Gammon and at the suggestion of Dean Russell, she secured Dr. Abby Porter Leland as secretary or director, and she took charge of the enlarged National



Mrs. Low drew this picture to show how she looked when she was a girl

Headquarters in the autumn of 1917. Within the next few weeks, Mrs. John Henry Hammond and Miss Llewellyn Parsons, both from New York, became members of the Board, as well as Mrs. Hirsch of Cincinnati.

Mrs. Storrow, meanwhile, had become chairman of the Education Committee and was preparing for the first National Training School to be held the next summer at Miss Windsor's School in Washington. Miss Parsons became chairman of the Business and Shop Committee; I was appointed chairman of the Field and Standards Committee; Mrs. Bacon soon joined us as chairman of Publications and Publicity; Dean Russell became the chairman of the Board.

A convention was held in the autumn of 1917 in the Directors' Library of the Metropolitan Tower. The number of delegates answering as Mrs. Leland read the Roll Call (fifty or more) was so astonishingly great that those of us who had served on the first little Board, entirely made up of Mrs. Low's intimate friends, realized that we were indeed in a growing, throbbing movement which was demanding all our energies and the best thought we could give it. The spirit evident in everyone created for us all a great joy and satisfaction that we had followed those first earnest, personal appeals from our dear friend and leader to come and join her. From the beginning Juliette Low had met every demand, several times even selling her jewels to finance the planting of this Girl Scout movement, writing its literature, acting as its publicity agent, as the trainer of the first captains, as the organizer of the first local councils, as the establisher of the first shop and headquarters, and offices. She had met every demand because she realized the value of the Girl Scout movement for American girls.

For many years she had been an intimate friend of Sir Robert Baden-Powell and of his sister, Miss Agnes Baden-Powell. She had been among the first Girl Guide leaders in England, having a troop of one hundred Girl Guides in London, taking them to camp in an empty castle in the Highlands of Scotland. When she had seen the movement start in England, she had at once realized its importance to the whole world and its particular attraction for the girls of the United States.

Sir Robert had given her the right to use all his literature, badges, and all other material that might be useful to start the movement here with his blessing. She saw the Vision, she gave everything in herself to plant the seed and to tend the growing shoot, and as others came forward to help her with the ever-growing plant she encouraged them all to look higher and higher and wider and wider in preparation for the growing work.

During the last years of her life, her heart sang with the feeling that this movement is bringing joy and happiness to many girls in this land and a feeling of sisterhood toward the girls of all nations which will ever be an increasing force for peace on earth, good will to men.

Is Your Town Safe?

THese boys and girls are being taught to save their lives! They are learning the meaning of the "Stop" and "Go" traffic signals. In many schools the children make their own semaphores, and the teacher appoints different members of the class to act the part of a Traffic Officer so that the lesson of caution at street crossings can never be forgotten.



© 1927 M. L. G. Co.

EVERY five minutes someone dies from cancer. Every six minutes someone is killed by accident. One death in every 13 is caused by cancer—one in 15 by accident. One—a tragedy foreseen weeks in advance when beyond hope of prevention. The other—swift annihilation that could have been prevented.

Most fatal accidents need never happen; 90,000 a year in the United States—240 a day—deaths from various causes that could be prevented. One-half of the children who are killed are the little untaught ones less than five years old. And accidents claim all too many persons past middle age—who have not adjusted themselves to the swift pace of passing vehicles.

In cities where public caution and protection are taught, the deathrate from accident is far less than the Nation's sad average. Modern scientific Safety Campaigns are organized in these cities. The Mayor, the Police Department, local associations, clubs, societies and citizens of ability and initiative are working together for safety in industry,

in the home and on our streets. The newspapers which help to promote Safety Campaigns find a quick response.

These continuous safety programs are as carefully and skilfully planned as a great battle, but with this difference—a battle is planned to end as many lives as possible and a Safety Campaign is planned to save as many lives as possible. No longer has one a right to say, "Accidents are bound to happen. You can't prevent them." Today accident prevention is neither a beautiful dream nor a vain hope. It is a splendid reality. In cities which have said, "It can be done"—it has been done. In some cities the deathrate from accident has been reduced more than half.

Do you know how many people were killed by accident in your town last year? You will find, again and again, that a little forethought or a little more care would have avoided many tragedies. Help to prevent such deaths.

700,000 Americans seriously injured last year; 23,000 killed by one cause alone—motor vehicle accidents.

Appeals to individual caution have failed to stem the constantly rising tide of accidental deaths. Last year the New York State conference of Mayors decided to conduct an "entire city" Safety Campaign. Albany, N. Y., was selected for the test, and the Metropolitan Life was invited to send safety engineers to co-operate.

A vigorous educational program was undertaken. Every stage of this campaign was carefully mapped out in advance. During the first six months of the demonstration, while practically the entire city

supported it, accidental deaths of all kinds were reduced 31%. Fatal accidents to children were reduced 33½%. Fatal accidents in homes were reduced 71%.

Based on the results in Albany, the Metropolitan has prepared two booklets, "Promoting Community Safety" and "The Traffic Problem", which outline practical ways and means for accident prevention. Send for two copies of each, one for personal study and one to send to your Mayor. If your town has a working safety organization, support it whole-heartedly. If not, help to establish a local Safety Council.

HALEY FISKE, President.



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Biggest in the World, More Assets, More Policyholders, More Insurance in force, More new Insurance each year

Jane Abbott and Thomson Burtis—all in our Christmas issue



Of Finest Cotton

Only real cotton—and that of finest grade—has the proper qualities to make perfect sanitary napkins. Hospitals and doctors have never accepted a substitute for cotton and for the same reason there is no substitute that is satisfactory in the making of sanitary napkins.

Venus Sanitary Napkins are made of finest surgical cotton in softly knitted covers (not harsh gauze). They are an assurance of real comfort and perfect protection. Most department stores and many drug stores sell them.

VENUS CORPORATION
1170 Broadway, New York



Our Own Bookplates

(Continued from page 23) want your plates, although it is well to allow a little for trimming. Place a piece of this paper on top of the inked block, put an extra sheet or two for padding on top, and with your fist, or a heavy article, or a brush, pound all over it. When you have taken the paper off, your design will be printed on the paper. You may have to experiment a little with the printing before you get your ink and pressure exactly right. Another

The U-shaped way of stamping is to cutting tool place a thin board over

the paper and padding and then knock it gently all over with a hammer or mallet. And still another way is to place a piece of heavy cardboard over the paper, and run the block, paper and cardboard through a clothes wringer. The pressure will stamp the design on the paper.

Once you have learned this way of printing, you will not want to stop—and there are endless things you can print—book plates for your family and friends for Christmas presents, Christmas cards, book covers and book illustrations. At a girl's camp last year, the girls printed the covers for the camp booklet with linoleum blocks.



Curly Rides High

(Continued from page 33)

ico meant much to Curly Saks—as much as it would have to one of the patrolmen. For more than a year smugglers had used airplanes from Mexico to the United States. And no airplane had a right to cross that river without inspection by officials, any more than an automobile or a suitcase in the hands of a traveler. Customs officials, immigration officials—all had to know who and what was coming across the line. But there had been no word about this plane, that she knew.

She must stop them—for she felt herself a border patrolman. Now she was as high as they were, and they had crossed into the United States. It was a big ship, too—bigger than the De Havilands of the army, and their wing-spread was more than fifty feet. Probably they were all right—but no one could tell. Anything might happen on a day like this.

She throttled her motor until the S. E. would barely stay in the air, and flew northward to intersect the stranger's course. They were looking at her steadily—two of them. It was a two seated ship, with a suitcase tied to the fuselage, set on the wings. From the rear cockpit more bags protruded, and the fuselage, to Curly's expert eye, looked as though it were designed to hold a cargo. It was a big, weight-carrying ship designed to go long distances without landing—just such a ship as a smuggler would use!

They were motioning her away. She was very close—she could almost see the expression in their eyes. What should she do? What could she do?

And at that precise moment, while a brooding, harassed Texan was speeding toward McMullen as he cursed the world in general, and a slim girl was meeting her second emergency that day, the McMullen airdrome was holding a celebration. Captain Kennard was waving a telegram, and grinning flyers were talking jubilantly—as jubilantly as though they, personally, had had good news.

"If she knew this minute that there was a two thousand mile trip ahead of her, with this invitation at the end of it, she'd tie that S. E. in knots!" grinned Slim. "What a time she'll have!"

"This ought to be a red-letter afternoon for the kid," drawled Tex MacDowell. "I'll bet that trip will be the hottest experience she ever had. Think of all that'll happen—to a nineteen year old!"

Tex would have wiped that grin off his face had he known how true his words were. For fifteen miles away over the mesquite Curly Saks was face to face with grave uncertainty—and if her face was white and drawn and her eyes wide and bright, her hand was steady and her heart unafraid.

What happened next to the intrepid Curly? What was the strange airplane carrying and who were its passengers? Why was the airdrome celebrating over Curly, that very minute? Coming—the answers in this big new airplane mystery.

There is still time to enter our "What-I-wish-in-my-Magazine" Contest—

Raquel of the Ranch Country

(Continued from page 21)

It was nearly seven when Raquel waked and looked about. Far off to the east she saw a valley of trees, in the center of which she knew *El Escondido* must lie, for behind them rose the foot-hills, just as she remembered them from that night. Only three weeks before!

She came down and found Lois awake. "Lois, when I have made this grass and wood catch fire, I'll give you the best breakfast you ever had," she promised.

The fire caught from her burning glass. She made a little stove of stones about it, and produced from the saddle-bags a tiny frying pan, into which she poured a bit of oil. From her pockets she took four good-sized, mottled brown eggs and broke them into the pan.

"A ground bird of some sort laid them. I know they're good," laughed Raquel. They were delicious and satisfying, making a good meal with crackers and water.

It was still cool on the desert when they rode away over the sands at a pace that brought them by nine o'clock to the end of the desert.

But the day grew hotter and hotter. And the brown horse limped more and more. "I'm afraid his foot is infected," Raquel thought. At last the animal stopped, and would go no farther. Lois was herself exhausted, wilted by the heat. The girls dismounted.

Raquel took the saddle off the brown horse, poured some of the precious oil in his foot, bound it so that flies could not get at it, and left him there. He absolutely would not be led another step. "I'll send back for you tomorrow, old boy, if I can. You can make out without water until then."

She put Lois on the pinto, who by now had become somewhat accustomed to her, and walked by their side over the heavy sand.

Her feet were growing tired, so she got up behind Lois on the pinto. Paintbrush had never carried a double burden before and shied a bit at first, but at Raquel's soothing command trotted obediently ahead. But his pace grew slower and slower under the increased load, and his tender-hearted mistress felt she was asking too much of him.

So she slipped from his back again when they had gone less than half a mile, and as her foot touched the ground an excruciating pain shot through it. She had stepped on a cactus thorn which had gone right through the tough hide sole of the *tequa*, and imbedded itself in the sole of her foot. At her involuntary cry, Paintbrush stopped dead and turned a startled eye upon his mistress. Lois clambered off his back and ran to Raquel.

"Oh, my dear, what have you done? Oh, your poor foot!" Raquel was trying to pull the thorn out through the sole of the sandal. She could not remove the sandal without breaking the thorn off in her foot, when the flesh would close tightly around it.

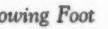
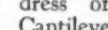
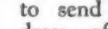
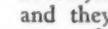
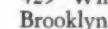
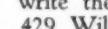
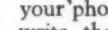
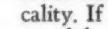
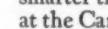
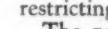
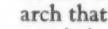
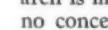
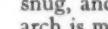
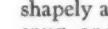
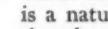
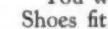
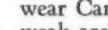
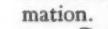
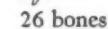
(Continued on page 38)

When mothers
were young this was
sport and this was
speed How much
more fun there is to-day.

BASKETBALL, tennis, field sports, hockey, hikes, camping, Girl Scout life—the girls of the "Gay Nineties" never even thought of these things. Today it's different. Most sports are open to girls as well as boys. That's why modern girls need sound, active feet more than their mothers did. For without foot health no girl can excel at sports. It's footwork that counts in the active sports of today.

If you are trying to make a team or if you want to prevent years of foot suffering in later life, avoid shoes that take all the speed and pep out of your feet. Keep your feet natural, springy, healthy and sound in Cantilever Shoes.

Cantilever Shoes are flexible from toe to heel like your feet. Free foot action is assured in these shoes. Foot muscles can exercise and build up the springy strength they need to keep your arches strong, resilient and natural. The strength of the foot arches is dependent upon the





In college will you still have the natural grace of youth?

THAT depends to a very large extent on the shoes you wear in grammar and high school.

That is why many great specialists advise young women to wear Keds.

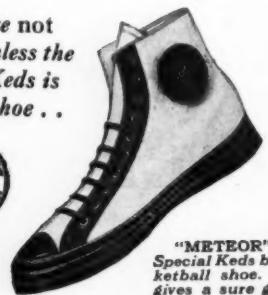
For Keds give feet their natural freedom to develop, springy and high arched, give ankles the stretching and exercise that helps them become slender and graceful.

And Keds make you look your best in games and everyday sport wear.

During 1926, six women tennis champions wore Keds. Wear Keds and help your feet and legs retain the natural grace of youth. Keds cost from \$1.25 to \$4.50 a pair. They are made only by the

United States Rubber Company

*They are not
Keds unless the
name Keds is
on the shoe . . .*



"METEOR"
Special Keds basketball shoe. It
gives a sure grip
on the floor.
White or brown
with black trim

Raquel of the Ranch Country

(Continued from page 37)

She explained this to Lois, and they both tried in turn to loosen the incredible spike. But they could not draw it through the tough hide of the *tegua* and at length had to break it, and Raquel took off the sandal.

Try as she would, however, she could not extract the thorn, and finally Lois took Raquel's poor swollen foot in her hands, and placing her mouth over the slowly bleeding wound, she drew the thorn out with her sharp little teeth. The pain for a moment made Raquel's eyes dim like a hurt deer's. Lois was tearing her handkerchief into strips, for there was a rush of blood as the spike came out. When she had bound the wound as deftly as any nurse, she helped Raquel to the side of the road where there was shade under a flowering tree. It was impossible to go on.

Raquel drowsed, for the pain had taken her strength and left her sleepy.

When she woke after awhile she sent Lois out to forage for prickly pear, *tunas*. She came back with her hat full, and the juicy sweet fruit allayed their thirst wonderfully and refreshed them somewhat. But there were no crackers left in the saddlebags, and hunger pains gnawed them.

Rabbits were hopping about curiously, and Raquel asked Lois to get her automatic from the bottom of one of the bags. There were, fortunately, a few cartridges left. Raquel shot a foolish young cottontail from where she lay. Lois winced at the sound of the shot, but she went over and picked up the rabbit.

She gathered moss and sticks, and held the burning glass over the heap until it caught fire. While Raquel skinned the rabbit, Lois gathered more fuel. They cooked it at once, and almost starving, could hardly wait to snatch the pieces from the pan. Never had they been so close to stark hunger.

When night came over the desert it found them both asleep, and covered them with its soothing mantle of darkness.

It was the piercing bright rays of the morning sun that sent a shaft of recollection to Raquel's sleeping brain. She sat up, startled, and called the pinto a trifle wildly. He came running, neighing gratefully.

"I'll walk," Lois insisted, when she saw that Raquel's foot was still swollen. "I'm used to walking, truly I am."

Raquel agreed, because, really, there was nothing else to do. Lois gathered some more cactus fruit. They ate these, drank the last of the water from the canteen, and set out.

It must have been past ten-thirty when, after two hours or more, they struck a hard road. As they turned into it, Raquel looked up and down it and recognized with relief that this was the way she and Georgie had come before, when they were guided by the mine foreman.

Then—all at once they were there. A lovely paradise opened before them.



Here's a New kind of Hallowe'en Party!

NEW invitations, decorations, costumes, games, stunts, prizes! All the plans for a gala party with which to surprise your friends. It's something new from Dennison's, headquarters always for party ideas, and it's free! Just send the coupon below.

Use Dennison Party Goods

And remember that no matter what kind of party you are planning, a gay evening at home, an afternoon children's party, a festival for your church or club or school, you can get everything you need to make it a big success at your local store where Dennison goods are sold. Crepe paper, decorations, place cards, novelties and the latest issue of *The Party Magazine*, packed with new party plans. They are on sale at department and stationery stores and many drug stores.

But send this coupon now for special plans for your Hallowe'en party. They are free! And why not the Hallowe'en Number of the *Party Magazine* at the same time—only 20c.

Dennison's

Dennison's, Dept. 27-K, Framingham, Mass.

Please send me free, plans for a Hallowe'en Party.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

If you want the *Party Magazine* (Hallowe'en Number) enclose 20 cents and check here.....

(Why not let us send you some of the famous Dennison Books? Check those you want and enclose 10c for each.)

Crepe Paper Costumes.....Crape Paper Flowers.....

Table Decorations.....Sealing Wax Craft.....

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CLASS PINS 35¢

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DESIGNS SHOWN SILVER PLATE 35¢ EA. \$2.50 DOZ. STERLING

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RINGS & PINS

—for Girls' Clubs of any kind. Factory prices. Pins 35¢ up. Samples furnished from illustrated folder sent free. Write for folder to-day.

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CLASS RINGS AND PINS

Largest Catalog Issued Sent FREE!
Ring as shown with any one or two letters in center and HS, GS, or SS beside shield, 12 or more, \$2.25 each. Sterling silver. Samples loaned class officers. Special orders filled.

Metal Arts Co., Inc., 754 Portland Ave., Rochester, N.Y.

Your troop should be on "The American Girl" Honor Roll. Is it?

Are You Worried About Money?

DEAR MANAGER: The check for \$5.00 came this morning. Thank you so much. My earnings for this month now total \$11.00—and you can imagine how thrilled I am. I'm saving it all to buy a new hat and snappy looking shoes. It's so much fun to have my own money and spend it as I wish. Mary B., Nebr.

And other schoolgirls, all over the country, have a jolly time earning Club dollars for "special occasion" dresses and other delightful things. You can, too.

Dear Club Manager: My class party was only three weeks off, and I was actually lying awake nights wondering how I was to get a new party frock—when a friend of mother's told me about the Girls' Club. The work was so easy and pleasant that within two weeks I had a \$10.00 bill in my purse, and mother gave me the rest of the money needed to buy the dress.

I never had such a good time in my life, as when I wore that pretty new party dress!

Jean W., Minn.

Dear Club Manager: The Girls' Club has given me a new feeling of independence, for now, instead of going to dad for everything I want, I can earn my own money and buy the many things girls long for.

Anne R., Ohio.

What girl doesn't long for a room of her very own where she can carry out her ideas of furnishing? Club dollars are buying all sorts of trifles to make rooms gayer.

Dear Club Manager: I wish you could see my room since Club Dollars have beautified it! You'd feel as happy as I do over the change, I know. A gay-colored hanging book-case brightens one wall and the couch is covered with pretty pillows. I have a new table scarf and pennants, too. Thank you for your help. Mabel S., Kans.

Club money is very welcome for those "smaller needs," too.

Dear Friend: Many thanks for the \$2.00 check. I have already invested it in stockings and I expect to buy one of those dandy banjukas with my next earnings. Then I'm planning on a green slicker, later.

Blanche S., N. Dak.

You're Invited!

We want you to be one of our happy earners. We want you to join in the fun of having money of your very own for good times, clothes and the small pleasures that every girl loves.

Not a cent will it cost you to share in all this. Simply write me a note or card, today, telling me your name, address and age, and I'll send you all the pleasant details at once.

Address:

Manager of the Girls' Club

LADIES' HOME JOURNAL
1053 INDEPENDENCE SQUARE
PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA

They rode through the grove before the front of the *hacienda*.

On through the arched gateway to the courtyard, where there was a strange silence and not a sign of life. Raquel called. There was a flash of a bright skirt, and a young Mexican girl appeared from the *hacienda*.

"Concha," cried Raquel. "Don't you remember me? It is Raquel Daniels."

Concha hurried forward, smiling with relief. But indeed, she did well remember *el señorito*. So he had escaped safely? That was good. No, she shook her head commiseratingly, the little brother had not returned. Raquel's heart sank.

And Don Nestor, she inquired. How was he?

Don Nestor was ill, Concha recited. He had been ill nearly three weeks—ever since the night of the raid. All the others had departed, except Piedad, who was cooking for them.

Raquel got Lois upstairs and to the high white bed. Her face was pinched with fatigue, and gray; her blonde hair hung in dry and brittle wisps.

Questions flew back and forth as Don Nestor heard from Raquel her experiences of that night, of her subsequent adventures and the finding of Lois. Always, in spite of herself, Raquel returned to the fact that it had been agreed between Georgie and herself that they would make their way back to *El Escondido* if they became separated. She was near tears at not finding Georgie there.

"But there is no occasion, yet, to despair, for the *muchachito* would undoubtedly be obliged to stay with the soldiers for a while. But I am sure they would not harm him," Don Nestor assured her.

It was Manuel his servant, Don Nestor told Raquel, who had brought the raid on *El Escondido*. While he attended the affairs of the ranch, he maintained contacts with other miserable fugitives in the hills, and fomented trouble among the contented natives. News of his agitations had reached the governor, and it was to arrest him that the troops had come. After their first anger at the discovery that Manuel had flown, the troops had not molested *El Escondido*.

Piedad arranged a table in a cool corner of the gallery under a honeysuckle vine and, because Don Nestor insisted, Raquel ate the food. She had come at length almost to the end of her resources. She was no longer conscious of her burning foot, she scarcely knew she was ascending the stairs to her room—and then nothing.

CHAPTER X

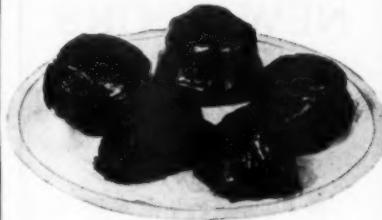
The End of the Adventure

It was many days before either Lois or Don Nestor left their beds. Raquel recovered almost at once.

While she gathered strength, she talked with their host, diverting him from his pain and boredom, so that at the end of the fourth day he was out on the gallery, almost well.

"I would like you to take up over the *frontera* with you to your *rancho* as many head of cattle as we can find (Continued on page 44)

Here's a recipe for your Girl Scout cooking test



CHOCOLATE CUP CAKES

½ cup butter	2 teaspoons Royal
1 cup sugar	Baking Powder
2 eggs	¼ teaspoon soda
¾ cup milk	1/8 teaspoon vanilla extract
2 cups flour	2 ½ sq. unsweetened chocolate
½ teaspoon salt	

CREAM butter thoroughly; add sugar a little at a time; separate yolks and whites of eggs. Beat yolks until creamy. Add yolks to creamed butter and sugar; mix thoroughly. Add milk and the flour, which has been sifted with the baking powder, salt and soda, alternately a little at a time. Then add vanilla and melted chocolate. Fold in stiffly beaten egg whites. Put into greased tins and bake in moderate oven (375°F.) about 25 minutes.

ICING

Melt 6 oz. (6 squares) unsweetened chocolate in double boiler. Add 3 cups confectioner's sugar, stirring constantly. Add slowly ¾ cup cream. Add ½ tablespoon boiling water to make good consistency to spread and spread while hot on cakes which have cooled. Makes 16 cakes.

"**DELICIOUS!**" your family and friends will exclaim when they taste these chocolate cup cakes.

To be sure of perfect results every time choose your baking powder with care. Royal, the cream of tartar baking powder, is known throughout the world—and is used in millions of kitchens daily wherever housewives are most critical of the flavor and healthfulness of the foods they serve.



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Muffins for breakfast—Winifred Moses tells how to make them in November



NEW BOOKS for Fall Reading

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By Katherine Adams. \$1.75

American and Swedish young people, the artist boy Nore, a house party at the castle on the rocks, a wild chase through the snow up into the Lapp country, where Nore rescues the Swedish girl, Guldvisa.

ROSELLE OF THE NORTH

By Constance L. Skinner. \$1.75

The story of Roselle, whom the Indians of the North called Flying Heart. In reading this vigorous and poetic tale you will canoe with her on the beautiful waters and smell the fragrant pines of the vast Northwest.

MOTHER'S AWAY

By Margaret Ashmun. \$1.75

A practical-minded boy of fifteen and his younger sister are left alone to keep house for a whole summer. How the arrival of an old lady alters their plans, how they take care of her and she of them, makes an unusual vacation tale.

THE KINGDOM OF THE MIND

By June E. Downey. \$2.00

What does the growing boy or girl know about the powers of his own mind? Here is a chance to answer all sorts of questions about yourself! How fast can you talk? How fast can you think? Where is the blind spot in your eye?

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Books

"The American Girl"

Has Helped to Make

By MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

The Reader's Guide, Saturday Review of Literature



THE LAST time I was in the office of THE AMERICAN GIRL Helen Ferris showed me the most interesting list of books for girls that I have seen in a long time. Each of these books made its bow in the columns of THE AMERICAN GIRL. This is a record so remarkable, especially for a magazine so young, that I asked if I might talk about them in this Book Week season. Next month, so Helen Ferris tells me, THE AMERICAN GIRL will give you pictures of all the authors of these books.

First of all is this surprising book on vocations for girls, *Girls Who Did*, by Helen Ferris, herself, and Virginia Moore (Dutton), whom you also know from the magazine. I can honestly say that there is no other book on careers for girls half so useful or so readable.

How often have you wished you could talk to some well-known woman and ask her for suggestions about yourselves? Or when you have happened to meet such a woman in real life at a party or after a lecture, you always think how useful it would be to get her into a corner and ask her just how she got her start, what obstacles she had to overcome, how long it took her to pay expenses—things like that are what you want to know, for your own work is waiting around the corner of life, sometimes with its head in a bag so you can't see its face. *Girls Who Did* is a series of just such interviews—I am talking about it as if you were all new subscribers and had not seen the original magazine articles—and the kinds of work that they do. These true stories are so up-to-date, so personal, so interesting, that the reader actually feels the thrill of enthusiasm with which the woman describes it. For every one of these women, from Jerita to the private secretary who was so scared when she began, tell of their work with enthusiasm. Anne Carroll Moore, Neysa McMein, Alice Foote Macdougall, Jean Norris, Ethel Barrymore—here they are. As for the last chapter, "You", it is in the best spirit of the modern young woman.

The second book is, of course, *Girl Scout Stories: Second Volume* (Doran).

I was quite excited over the one last year, from THE AMERICAN GIRL, for it gave us at last a collection of stories that we knew girls really do like, instead of those that well-meaning grown-ups believe they ought to like. But this year the stories are even better.

The third that roused my enthusiasm was Hazel Cades's *Every Girl Can be Good-Looking* (Appleton). You read her articles in THE AMERICAN GIRL every month and so you know that this is not just a title to catch your eye, but a promise that this wise and friendly little book really shows you how to fulfill. First come clothes, how to choose according to your type, the important matters of line and color, the details that make or mar an effect. Miss Cades has grasped the great truth that young people like to dress to please each other and not to suit their elders, and her advice is along these usable lines. With plenty of time for the details of keeping clean and tidy, she goes through every department of the clothes question, then to complexion, hair, hands—all the things that make for good looks.

The next is Alida Sims Malkus's *Raquel of the Ranch Country* (Harcourt Brace), which you have been reading every month in the magazine lately. It opens at a fashionable boarding-school where Raquel has a hard time; and goes to the ranch where she gloriously comes into her own.

I hope that there will be more stories from Clarice Detzer, whose *The Island Mail* (Harcourt Brace) was also first published in THE AMERICAN GIRL. She is another writer who gives us in this story a genuine thriller involving a lost mailbag and a girl whose father is thought to be a pirate. As for Constance Lindsay Skinner, here is another favorite writer for grown-ups who has discovered, through her audience in this magazine and in Boys' Life, the Boy Scout magazine, that she has the gift of writing for young people. *Roselle of the North* and *Becky Landers* (Macmillan) are her books—fine pioneer tales.

Jane Abbott and Augusta Huiell Sea-
(Continued on page 43)

Would you like to meet your favorite author?

We Begin With Soup

(Continued from page 17)

While the vegetables are cooking, put the rest of the fat and the flour in a cup and cream together until smooth with a spoon heated by dipping it in the cooking vegetables. By the way, an English cook would tell you to roll a lump of fat in flour instead of creaming it. You may try this method some time when you are experimentally inclined. Now dilute the mixture of flour and fat by stirring in a little of the hot vegetable mixture. When it is smooth stir it into the bisque and continue stirring until it boils. Now add your flavoring and stir again.

If the soup is not rich enough to suit the taste, add a little cream or cut a tablespoon of butter into small pieces and beat it into the soup bit by bit and serve at once.

The seasoning is of the greatest importance. No cook should allow a dish to go to the table without first testing it to see if it is seasoned to "the king's taste."

The bisque is now ready to take its place in the menu. It may be garnished with a sprinkling of paprika or of finely minced parsley or, for gala occasions, with a tablespoon of salted whipped cream and a dash of paprika or parsley.

Croutons or toasted cheese canapés or thin slices of graham bread spread with butter flavored with anchovy paste, or just thin slices of buttered bread or toast should be served with the soup.

To make the croutons, cut slices of bread one-third inch thick. Butter on one side. Cut the slices in one-third inch cubes. Put in a pan under the broiling flame or in the oven and toast on one side. Stir up and toast on the other.

To make the cheese canapés, cut thin slices of bread, spread with butter, then with a thin slice of cheese or grated cheese and put under the broiling flame or in the oven long enough for the cheese to melt.

It is customary to consider the clear soups, such as consommé or bouillon or soups made with meat stock, as dinner soups. The reason for this is that dinner is usually the heaviest meal in the day and that a soup made of water and the flavoring of vegetables and meat is stimulating to the appetite rather than nourishing. On the other hand, cream soups and bisques are usually made with milk instead of stock and contain so much nutrient that, instead of being served merely to stimulate the appetite, they are used as the main dish of a meal.

Since the bisque is supposed to be best suited to the luncheon menu, I am suggesting a sample luncheon which may be built around this particular bisque.

Tomato Canapé
Potato and Onion Bisque
Toasted Cheese Sandwiches
Lettuce Salad
French Dressing
Fruited Gelatin
Marguerites
Beverage

This menu is so well balanced that it is like those little Chinese figures that you cannot upset, even if you try.



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Gertrude Hawley

(Continued from page 15)
the next year, taking some courses in the chemistry department and some in the physical education department, much to Katherine's delight. I was trying myself out in both fields. And at the end of the first year I had decided in favor of physical education—chiefly, I think, because I had discovered that you need not draw a hard and fast line between your work and your play.

"So I completed the course in physical education at Wellesley and accepted a position at Northwestern University where I have been ever since."

And she told me of her work as head of the department of physical education. "Not only is the gymnasium and the class work under our direction," she explained, "but the sports and the individual physical examinations as well. Our aim is a game for every girl, something she enjoys so much that she forgets it is required and plays it for the sheer fun of it. Whatever the game, we encourage each girl who enters it to play her level best, not to strain herself to do more than that best, nor to content herself with less than her best."

"Just what do you do at the University?" I asked her.

"Since I have been there, I have done work similar to that which most gymnasium teachers do, on to becoming an executive with assistants. At first, I was the only one in the department. I not only planned the gymnasium classes, the sports and the individual examinations and exercises, I did the teaching, coaching and examining. Later, as the interest of the girls grew, it was necessary to add others to the staff.

"Today, an appreciable part of my time is given to supervising the work, although I still have some classes and coaching. The head of a physical education department is not only responsible for creating new plans, she must see that the work already undertaken is effectively carried out. All classes and games must be well-conducted. Each individual girl must be watched so that her sports and her exercises and her diet may be suited to her needs.

"You will be interested to know that many of the girls who have specialized in our department have gone out into the work themselves. For there are splendid opportunities in this field. In fact, it has been my experience that girls who take training for a physical education certificate in a school of recognized merit rarely lack a position. The openings are many because people are recognizing as never before the importance of physical health and development."

"Where are these openings?" I asked.

"Everywhere! In large public schools, in private schools, in normal schools, colleges and universities, on playgrounds, in Y. W. C. A.'s and other organizations and in summer camps. Specialists in folk dancing or gymnastics or swimming often conduct their own private classes. But most of the positions—in fact, all positions of importance—are open only to those who have had training in a recognized school of physical education.

"So the girl who is strong, who loves sports and to whom the idea of directing others in them appeals, will do well to consider this matter of training. Colleges and universities in various parts of the country offer these courses in physical education, as do some teachers' colleges, normal schools and special schools. Any girl who is interested can write to her state university for information or talk with her own gymnasium teacher about it.

"If a girl can afford to attend college, possibly combining her general college course with her training in physical education, I would advise her to do so. Perhaps this is because I am so constantly grateful for my own years at Vassar. Life is more interesting and significant to me because of those years.

"But I wouldn't have you think," concluded Gertrude Hawley, "that work in the field of physical education is all sport and good times. There is another side to the story. It is true that there are openings in physical education for the girl who is strong, who enjoys sports and games and gymnasium work and who can take the necessary training. But it is also true that it is often very strenuous work. In the school where she teaches, too much may be expected of the young woman in charge of the gymnasium. Her schedule may be crowded to the limit and even the strongest, under such circumstances, becomes fatigued. The equipment given her with which to carry on her class work may be inadequate—yet the finest of results are expected of her. I could name difficulty after difficulty that will overtake her, at some time or other!"

"But what of that if you like your work, as I do?" she went on with a smile. "There are difficulties in everything. If you can find something which you enjoy, the compensations will outweigh the discouragements for you."

From the top of a Fifth Avenue bus I waved goodbye to her, then watched her disappear into the hurrying crowd, her tennis racquet lightly swinging from her hand.

"What am I going to be?" It is one of the most important questions that a girl asks herself. "And how shall I go about it? How have other girls who have succeeded found the thing they could do best?" Helen Ferris and Virginia Moore have answered the question for many girls in a new book that is being published this fall, *Girls Who Did* (E. P. Dutton & Company). Gertrude Hawley is only one of the real girls they tell about. There is the story of Ethel Barrymore, for instance; and of Jean Norris who became a judge; of a girl who liked to cook and who became a dietitian; and of many other girls who have found interesting and happy occupations. These girls asked themselves the questions that you ask, and they tell how they found the answers. And, of course, Helen Ferris knew just the way you would like to have their stories told. You will want our editor's book in your own library. C. D.

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Books

(Continued from page 40)

man need no introduction to you, and I am happy to say that there are books by these favorite authors on THE AMERICAN GIRL list. Mrs. Abbott's *Heart's Desire* and Mrs. Seaman's *Sally Sims Adventures It* (Century) are popular with girls everywhere, and they, too, first appeared in your magazine. You will like to know—for we all like a glimpse behind the scenes—that Mrs. Seaman is now working on a new story whose title at present has the word *Disappearance* in it; I won't say more, but that is enough for me and I hope she keeps that word, for I would get any book with a disappearance in it. And Jane Abbott's very latest book is *Janny* (Lippincott).

The stories of Ethel Cook Eliot have often appeared in THE AMERICAN GIRL; I think that her *Waul and Dyck* (Doubleday) is one of the stories that girls will go on reading year after year.

Edith Ballinger Price is a national officer of the Girl Scouts and you know her stories well. This year she brings out a volume of verses for girls, *The Four Winds* (Stokes). She has been writing these through the years of her own youth, to give to her mother at Christmas, preserved so far in a hand-lettered and illustrated book for each year. Now they are collected here, real poems that all girls will enjoy, some about the incidents of a child's day but most of them of the romance and dreams of a girl's life.

*About a Very Special Book—
 Added by Helen Ferris*

Our good friend, Mrs. Becker, doesn't know that I am writing this about her new book, but it would be impossible to have a page on "Books THE AMERICAN GIRL Has Helped to Make" without telling you about it. It is called *Adventures in Reading* (Stokes) and I hope every girl I know will have her own copy of it. I wish I had had it when I was in grammar school or high school.

As we all know, May Lamberton Becker knows books as few other people in this country today. She knows about novels and books of romance and adventure, about books of biography and history—everything! And in this book, she tells you about them in the most entertaining way imaginable.

I am always so glad when my friends tell me about interesting books to read, which is exactly what Mrs. Becker does in *Adventures in Reading*. Here are a few of her chapter headings, so that you can see for yourself how entertaining this book is—"Novels New and Old"; "Books of Romance, Adventure and Fantasy"; "Reading for Companionship—Some Books with Friends in Them"; "Out of the Dumps—Books as Gloom Dispellers"; "New Eyes, New Ears!—Books of Science".

And I mustn't forget the alluring lists of books you may read which Mrs. Becker gives at the end of each chapter. Looking at them, I wish more than ever this book had been written before.

BOOKS!

RAQUEL OF THE RANCH COUNTRY

By Alida Sims Malkus

WETHER Raquel is at boarding school in the east or back home in Texas her adventures make a thrilling story. She takes part in the round-up, tames a wild horse, gets lost in the desert, and finally is almost kidnapped by bandits, but she runs her father's ranch successfully and saves his property by her own efforts.

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 LANE**

By Nancy Byrd Turner

A BOOK of poems and pictures for children. There is, for instance, the one about May Lucy who was "little and slim" and who should have known enough to stay away from kites and hilltops when the wind blew. There is the careless fairy who kept catching his wings in brambles and tearing holes in them; and Linda Lou who had the shocking habit of wearing her right shoe and her left stocking and never two of each. There are delightful dogs and cats and rabbits, and there are poems like "Old Man Long Ago" and "Snowlight" which are surely not poems for children alone but for everybody. Illustrated by Decie Merwin.

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Raquel of the Ranch Country

(Continued from page 39)
vaqueros to drive." Don Nestor was speaking.

He was interrupted by the sound of hammering at the front gate, followed by Concha's running to answer. Concha returned and beckoned Raquel. In the outer court she found a dusty peon, who handed her a note.

"Rakie: Come get me. I've tried five times to run away from this darn army, and they always drag me back. My horse is here too."

Georgie."

"I'll have to go." Raquel could have shouted. "It's from Georgie."

The man had left with the note that morning, after ten o'clock, he said, and he was here already. Georgie had given him a silver dollar to carry the message, and said his sister would give him more still if he would guide her back to him.

"Fine," Raquel agreed and hurried away to get ready.

She must set out at once. Paint-brush was saddled, and the big brown horse which she had herself recovered from the brush a few days before. His foot seemed to have completely healed, and she saw that this would be a good opportunity to return him to the regiment, and would furnish an excuse for her visit.

Back again she rode over the weary miles, only now the way was easier, with a hard road beneath their feet, and the peon to guide her.

Early in the morning they neared Nacozari. Raquel rode bravely into the plaza, which was filled with soldiers. No sign of Georgie, but he'd soon spot the pinto, all right. Straight up to the hotel she rode, dismounted, throwing the reins to her attendant, and strode into the dining-room.

At a table sat the *Coronel* at breakfast, with his aides and lieutenant. He glanced in surprise at the youngster who intruded so rashly.

"Pardon, *Coronel*." Raquel swept her sombrero in salute, "does this roan gelding I have outside belong by chance to you? He was found near my *rancho*, lame, with an infected foot, which I have cured."

The *Coronel* looked annoyed, but before he could speak one of the aides replied: "The *Coronel* cannot be bothered. He has not yet had his coffee. But I will go and see the horse. There was a roan horse belonging to *el General* left behind a week or two ago, and he was much annoyed."

The *Coronel* was looking at Raquel aggrievedly. "I have not yet had my coffee," he complained.

"Water boils slowly at this altitude," Raquel sympathized.

"You talk like a native," snapped the *Coronel*. "You mean every one moves slowly at this altitude. You don't look like a native, though," he added.

"I have spent much time in the states," Raquel replied.

"Is that so?" The *Coronel* was mildly interested. "I myself went to school in California as a youth. Won't you sit

down and have breakfast with us? That is, if we ever get it! We have been waiting three-quarters of an hour for that dastardly *cocinero* to boil water."

"You want coffee?" asked Raquel. What a question! Then a brilliant idea occurred to her.

"I can give you an excellent cup in a moment, I think. Excuse me an instant, sir," and she dashed from the room.

She had remembered the three little tins that through all her adventures had lain in the bottom of her saddle bag. Mom's contribution. Would they still be there? Would the sterno be any good, or would it have evaporated or melted in all the heat through which they had passed. At any rate, the coffee would keep perfectly.

Just outside the door she stumbled over Georgie. His blessed, freckled face, his wide-toothed grin!

"*Buenos días, Señor. Como le va?*—Don't you know me?" Georgie inquired.

"Shut up," she said. Then loudly, "Well, *el Diente* (the Tooth)! Well! I'll have to get the *Coronel* to let me take you home with me, young runaway."

A few moments later she was back at the table where the sterno was set up. Opening a can with a stout table knife, she touched a match to it. The fluid flickered, flared, then settled down to burn with a lovely blue flame. She set a little tin of water over it.

The *Coronel* was enchanted. And as the water grew warm, steamed, boiled, all under his rapt gaze, and as the boy put a coffee powder into a cup, he began to gesticulate wildly.

He snatched the cup and drained the scalding drink. "More," he sighed, handing it back to Raquel. "It is delicious!"

"What may I give you in exchange for that little *apparato*, my lad?" beamed the *Coronel* after his third cup of coffee, all his irritability vanished.

"It is yours, *Coronel*," Raquel replied. "All I want is a runaway youngster who belongs to our *hacienda*, but who I see has joined your company."

"By all means," assented the *Coronel*. "Unless it is the amusing and indispensable infant called 'Tooth.' Him I can part with for no one."

"Alas, it is he, none other."

"Oh, well, then, if he belongs at your place. Only hurry up."

"And may he have a horse to ride back?"

"But certainly. Give him a horse. Give him his horse," the *Coronel* shouted.

And it was a matter of very few moments before they clattered with indecent speed out of the plaza and away up the road.

A few days after their return, the peons who had fled *El Escondido* on the night of the raid gradually straggled in from the hills, and the work of the ranch was gradually resumed. To Raquel fell the delightful task of riding over the "hidden range" to inspect her cattle.

Lois went everywhere with her.

"I've been thinking, lately," Lois said. "It's been different with me, Ra-

quel, since that ride we had over the desert.

"You see, Raquel," Lois went on desperately, "I hated you before I ever saw you. Jimmy Hovey always wrote such wonderful things about you and held you up to me, and I couldn't bear it."

"When I grew older and went to The Towers I suppose it was just because I couldn't wind Jimmy round my finger that I cared so much for his opinion. And when he praised you it made me hate you. Then, when you came to school, it seemed as if here was one way I could get the better of Jimmy. He couldn't *make me like you* if I didn't want to."

"It's all right, Lois," Raquel said at last with some difficulty. It was hard for her to understand the complicated psychology of Lois' experience. "I guess I was hateful to you, too, when you wanted to speak to me there once or twice. Never mind, though, we'll forget it all at *Los Ranchos*."

Lois looked at Raquel with her heart in her eyes.

"You're going to take me *home* with you?"

"Why, of course, silly, for as long as you can stand us rough old cow ranchers. And I'm goin' to ask Anne out, too."

One afternoon, when they returned to the *hacienda*, George rushed out to greet them with the news that the railroad had begun to operate, and the way was clear to return home.

Raquel hurried in for a conference with Don Nestor. One of the *vaqueros* was despatched to Nacozari with a letter to Mrs. Daniels, and a telegram to be sent, if the wires were up and operating once more.

The *vaquero* who had first brought news from Georgie had proved an able cowboy and a faithful retainer, so Don Nestor suggested that he be put in charge of an outfit of men and a thousand head of cattle, to start at once on the long overland drive to the border.

"It's a long way," said Don Nestor, "but they will get there some time, and if the railroad will ship more for us—we shall see."

"Ah, Raquel! So my little mayordomo is leaving me! I shall be lonely till you will come again."

"But I shall come back surely sometime, Don Nestor," Raquel promised.

El Escondido seemed far away that afternoon as they sat huddled among the Mexican refugees, who packed the sole passenger coach which the laboring engine drew through the desert. Raquel was in her peon costume and between her and Georgie was a fair-faced *señorita*—Lois, who clutched her black *serape* tightly under her chin. Like all the other women, she never removed it in spite of the heat. Like the other girls and women, too, she was nervous with apprehension. Refugees they were all, *Mayorenistas*, *Villistas*, any *ista* other than *Carranzista*. They had been waiting for weeks for the train to run again; and for days had been sitting atop the freight cars with their bundles by their sides, fearful lest they be left behind.

The feverish day drew at length toward an end. The sun was still high
(Continued on page 46)



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Raquel of the Ranch Country

(Continued from page 45)
though Lois' watch said six o'clock. They were nearing the line. With a great snorting of brakes, and much complaining of wheels, the train from Sonora came to a halt.

A lieutenant came running up from the rear of the coach. The cattle were to disembark, explained the engineer. *Si, si*, from *El Escondido*, from Don Nestor Torreon, a faithful supporter of the Government, a man for the people.

Georgie W. Daniels was the first person to touch foot to ground. Raquel swung down next, and helped Lois. The cow-punchers were already bringing their horses down the runway. It was amazing how quickly the cattle were unloaded. And here they were, but a scant half mile from the border, with an hour of daylight still to cross to the United States where they would drive right into the pens at the train yards.

With a great glory of golden dust at their backs, and a noble heralding of mooing and bellowing, with the yell of the punchers, and the shouts of Don Nestor's *vaqueros*, the three young adventurers crossed that imaginary line in the dust between Mexico and Arizona. They came like a conquering army, whooping and singing, and never had a landscape seemed more beautiful than that which lay before them.

And so it seemed to Jimmy Hovey and Custer Daniels, who had stopped the boiling Pathfinder to stand up and look towards that moving cloud of dust.

"It's them," exclaimed Custer softly. "By Jove, it is all right. They've made it!" Jimmy was half wild.

There really is little need to tell the rest of it. In a short time two girls were being folded to two vastly relieved uniformed breasts. . . . And, in spite of herself, it was Raquel who cried at sight of Custer's empty sleeve.

"Just look at that bunch of cattle," she choked, and buried her face in his shoulder. "There's another thousand waiting for us in Douglas."

"It's not the cattle I'm looking at," he was holding her tight, "but the gamest, bravest, little old cattlewoman I ever heard of!"

"But, oh, Raquel, how did you do it? Down into such a hornet's nest. It wasn't worth it, hon."

"I had to, Custer. Dad asked for more cattle. I had it all arranged to get a bunch just over the border—and along came old 'A. B.' and took them right out from under my nose. What else was I to do but go after more?"

Down through the pass swept the old car. The earth dropped away from beneath their wheels as though they flew. Below them spread the Ranch of the Lazy L, its golden pastures knee deep in gramma grass and flowers.

"There's home, Lois." Raquel leaned forward to touch the girlish shoulder before her.

"There's home." What a rich and incredible homecoming! Mom was on the front veranda waving a table-cloth! Georgie could see her through the field

glass which he held glued to his eyes. "I've brung her back, Mom. I've brung her back, and the cattle," he shouted joyfully across the four miles between them.

Could she ever live up to these Daniels, Lois was thinking. Oh, she wanted them to like her, to be worth the liking!

And Jimmy smiled back understandingly as singing and calling out, they swept down nearer and nearer to those clustering creamy walls, lying so golden in the afternoon sun, to that waving banner welcoming them home.

What has happened so far in this story

At The Towers, fashionable Eastern finishing school, Raquel Daniels from the ranch country, is snubbed by Lois Wainwright, a very influential girl. Lois is Jimmy Hovey's cousin, and Jimmy has spent much time on the Daniels' ranch, so Raquel had expected her to be especially friendly. So Raquel is not sorry when her father telegraphs that he and her brothers have enlisted in the war with Germany and that she must come home and be "boss of the Lazy L Ranch." Lois leaves the school at the same time, to travel with her sick father.

When she arrives home, Raquel dauntlessly undertakes the job of cattle-raising. When she finds that, on account of drought, she will not be able to ship as many head to the government as she had expected, she dresses as a boy and travels into Mexico to buy more. With her goes her young brother, Georgie.

In Mexico, Raquel discovers that her father's old enemy, A. B. Meyers, has been to Don Martin's ranch before her and has bought all the cattle. She and Georgie go to another ranch, *El Escondido*, the Hidden Ranch, and find Don Nestor, the owner, charming, and willing to sell them all the cattle they need. But before the transaction is completed, bandits raid the ranch, and Raquel and Georgie are forced to flee across the desert toward Moctezuma.

After hunger and thirst in the desert, the two young Americans try to make their way north, in the hope of locating Don Nestor's ranch again. They pass a brightly lighted house where dancing is going on, and, in order to escape from a soldier who imprisons the two strange "boys" in the courtyard as suspicious characters, Raquel creeps into the house and dresses as a Mexican lady of fashion. After creating quite a stir by her beauty, Raquel, by a trick, succeeds in getting her *pinto*, Paintbrush, and rides off. In the darkness she loses Georgie, and, remembering their pact to meet at *El Escondido*, she begins to search for the ranch again.

One day, after a dangerous trip across the desert, Raquel comes upon a group of seemingly deserted bungalows and looks up to see a girl step out on one of the balconies and totter forward.

Good News! You needn't say goodbye to Raquel, after all, for she's going to be a book. Watch for her

Order your American Girl stories for next year—



The Funniest Joke I Have Heard This Month

Providing for the Future

BURGLAR (*To old Scotchman whom he intends to rob*): Your money or your life!

SCOTCHMAN: Take my life, I'm saving my money for my old age.

—Sent to "Laugh and Grow Scout" by MARJORIE PRATT, Washington, Iowa.

Send THE AMERICAN GIRL your funniest joke, telling us your name, age, and address. A book will be awarded to every girl whose joke is published in this space.

Quite Right

"What's the matter with you, can't you read that sign? It says, *No smoking allowed on this car.*"

"Faith, and I'm not smokin'."

"What are you doing, you have your pipe in your mouth!"

"Begorra, I have me two feet in me boots but I'm not walkin'!"—Sent by ALICE COOGAN, Bryn Mawr, Pennsylvania.

A Young Hero

A little boy wanted a third piece of cake—and asked for it.

"Johnny," said his grandmother, "you'll burst if you eat another piece of cake."

Johnnie looked at her and then at the cake and said, "Well, Grannie, pass the cake and get out of the way."—Sent by LAURA SOMMER, Buffalo, New York.



"Have you given the goldfish fresh water, Marguerite?"

"No, they haven't finished the water I gave them yesterday."—Sent by RUTH KOHN, St. Louis, Missouri.

Good Common Sense

A spinster was chaperoning a party of girls through an art gallery. When they came to a statue of Minerva and the chaperone had told about the goddess and her deeds, one of the group asked, "Was she married?"

The spinster replied, "Why of course not, she was the goddess of wisdom."—Sent by MARGARET WICKLIFFE, East Grand Rapids, Michigan.

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Order a Story from your Favorite Author

Our largest contest of the year, our What-I-Wish-in-My-Magazine Contest, is still open. You vote for what you wish to have in THE AMERICAN GIRL. You order the kind of story you want from your favorite author. If your order is one of the best, your name will appear with hers above the story. The September issue told you all about it. And these are the conditions of the contest:

1. Every reader of THE AMERICAN GIRL is eligible.

2. Both a ballot and a letter must be sent in, together, by every girl entering the contest. Your full name, age, troop number (if you are a Girl Scout) and address must be at the top of the first page of your letter.

3. Vote on the ballot given in the Sep-

tember issue. Both sides of the ballot must be completely filled out.

4. Write a separate letter of not more than five hundred words on, "The Story I Wish to Order for THE AMERICAN GIRL." Be sure to tell what author you would like to have write your story. Further suggestions for your order will be found on page 22 of the September issue.

5. Write on one side of the paper only when you write your letter.

6. The contest closes on October fifteenth. No letters and ballots mailed after midnight of that date will be eligible.

7. Letters must be addressed to the What-I-Wish-in-My-Magazine Contest, 570 Lexington Avenue, New York City.

Don't delay—write today.

The ballot and order was in our September issue

Standard Price List for Girl Scout Equipment

EFFECTIVE OCTOBER 1st, 1927

Uniforms			Troop Advancement Record		
Long Coat	Size	Price	Set of Troop Reports (30 sheets)	3c a sheet	
10-18	\$3.65		Per sheet (broken pkg.)	25c package	
38-44	4.15			2c ea.	
Short Coat Suit	10-18	4.70			
Skirt	10-44	2.10			
Bloomers	10-44	1.85			
Knickers	10-44	2.15			
Middy	Official khaki	1.75			
Norfolk Suit—Officers'					
Khaki, lightweights	32-44	8.00			
Serge	32-44	38.00			
Hat, Officer's, Felt with insignia	6 1/2-8	3.00	Axe, with sheath	\$1.85	
Hat, Girl Scout's	6 1/2-8	1.60	Belt Hooks extra	.05	
Web Belt	28-38	.65	Blankets—3 1/4-pound camel's hair	5.50	
Leather Belt for Officers	40-46	.75	O. D.—3 1/4-pound all wool, size 66x80		
Neckerchiefs, each	45		Bugle	4.75	
Bandannas (to match neckerchiefs), each		.45	Braid—1/4-inch wide yard	5.00	
Colors: green, purple, dark blue, light blue, brown, cardinal, black, and yellow.			Buttons—Per Set	.25	
Black Silk		2.00	10s—6 L to set—dozen sets	2.75	
Green Silk		2.00	Camp Toilet Kit	2.35	
Yellow Slickers	10	3.75	Compass, Aluminum	2.75	
	12	4.00	Compass, Plain	1.00	
	14-20	5.00	Radiolite Dial	1.50	
Sweaters—Brown and Green Heather			Cuts—Running Girl	1.00	
Coat Model	32-40	8.00	Trefoil	.75	
Slipover Models	32-40	7.00	First Aid Kit with Pouch	.50	
Badges			Iodine Antiseptic Pen, extra	.50	
† Attendance Stars			First Aid Kit, No. 1	2.90	
Gold			Flashlights, Small size	1.50	
Silver			Large size	1.70	
First Class Badge			Handkerchiefs—Girl Scout emblem: Linen	.35	
Flower Crests			Box of three	1.00	
*Life Saving Crosses			Cotton	.20	
Silver			Box of six	1.00	
Bronze			Haversacks, No. 1	3.00	
Proficiency Badges			No. 2 Shoulder Protection Straps, per pair	2.00	
Second Class Badge			Khaki, Official Girl Scout, 36-in. wide	.25	
*Thanks Badge			Heavy for Officers, 28-in. wide	.40	
Heavy gold plate with bar	3.00		Material for Brownie Uniform, 32-in. wide	.60	
10K Gold Pin	5.00		Knives, No. 1	1.60	
Gold Plate Pins	.75		No. 2	1.05	
Silber Plate	.75		Sheath Knife	1.60	
Insignia			Mess Kit, Aluminum, 6 pieces	3.00	
Armband			Mirror—Unbreakable	.25	
Corporate's Chevron			† Patterns:		
Ex-Patrol Leader's Chevron			Coat, Skirt or Bloomers, 10-42	15	
Hat Insignia (for Captain's hat)			Norfolk Suit, 34-44	25	
Lapels—G. S., for Girl Scouts			Brownie, 8-12	30	
Patrol Leader's Chevron			Pocket Signal Charts, each	.15	
Pins			In lots of ten or more, each	.10	
Brownie			Poncho (45x72)	3.50	
Committee			Poncho (60x82)	4.75	
Commission Service			Rings, Silver, 3 to 9	1.00	
Golden Eagle			10K Gold, 3 to 9	3.00	
Lapel—G. S., Bronze			Rope, 4 ft., by 1/4 in.	.15	
Old Scout Pins			Lots of 5 or more, each	.10	
10K Gold (safety catch)	3.00		Guide, 15 ft., ring for belt	.10	
Gold Filled (safety catch)			Serge, O. D., 34-in. wide, per yard	4.75	
New plain type			Sewing Kit, Tin Case	.25	
Old style plain pin			Aluminum Case	.50	
Midget gold filled			Girl Scout Stationery	.55	
Worn by Officers or Girl Scouts when not in uniform			Girl Scout Stickers—each	.01	
Senior Girl Scout Pin			Per dozen	.10	
Songs			Stockings, Cotton, sizes 8-11	.50	
America, the Beautiful			Size Watch	1.00	
Are You There?			Trefoil Emblem Stickers (embossed in gold)	.02	
Enrollment			3 for 5c; 12 for 15c; 100 for 1.00		
Everybody Ought to Be a Scout			Thread, Khaki spool	.15	
First National Training School			Per dozen spools	1.20	
Girl Guide			† Uniform Make-up Sets—Long Coat Uniform	.70	
Girl Scouts Are True			1 Long Coat Pattern		
Girl Scout Song Book			1 Pair Lapels		
Girl Scout Songs			1 Spool of Thread		
Vocal Booklet			1 Set of Buttons		
Piano Edition			Two-piece Uniform		
			1 Short Coat Pattern		
			1 Skirt Pattern		
			1 Pair Lapels		
			1 Spool of Thread		
			1 Set of Buttons		
			No Make-up sets for middies and bloomers		
			Whistles		
			Wrist Watch, Radiolite	4.00	

Important Instructions for Ordering Equipment

1. Girl Scout Equipment can be sold only upon written approval of registered captain.
2. Cash must accompany all orders. All checks, drafts, or money orders should be made payable to the order of Girl Scouts, Inc.
3. Girl Scout buttons, patterns and coat lapels are sold only when official khaki is purchased from National Headquarters.
4. Hats are not returnable. See order blank for size.

When you buy Girl Scout Equipment, please remember that you are helping to finance the promotion of Girl Scouting throughout the country, and to maintain your National Organization. Above prices are postage paid and subject to change without notice.

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Glenna Collett writes next month for the girl who would be a sportswoman

**When Stamps Are
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By OSBORNE B. BOND

The king of all air mail covers was made on August 15th. On that day Springfield, Illinois, dedicated the city's air port as *Lindbergh Field*. Colonel Lindbergh was present himself and at one o'clock hopped off from the newly named field for St. Louis, Missouri.

To commemorate this historical event the postmaster at Springfield obtained permission from the Postmaster General to send a special dispatch of air mail in one of the mail planes escorting Colonel Lindbergh when he flew from Springfield to St. Louis. All of the covers which I have seen are backstamped with the post mark of the St. Louis office at five o'clock on the same day. Each has a special cancellation stamp on the face of the envelope and we illustrate this cancellation below.

Here is a valuable and historical air mail cover. If you have one, be sure to take good care of it. At the time this is written, the covers are selling for as high as five dollars apiece, and the demand is so great that within a few months time the price will probably be double that.



In our discussion of postage stamps from month to month we have so far explained the postage stamp itself—the paper on which it is printed—the watermarks in the paper and the colors employed in the printing of the stamp. This month let us turn to a very important topic—the design of the postage stamp.

The designs of postage stamps are always drawn by the artist on a considerably larger scale than that of the stamp itself, generally from four to eight times the stamp size and are afterwards reduced. These designs have been of a varied character. We can point out some that are very beautiful which have been used for postal labels during recent months. The Barbados Tercentenary 1d. stamp which we illustrated in July is one example. The stamps of most of the British Colonial possessions, although plain in design, make an attractive looking page in a stamp album. Of our own United States stamps, the White Plains and Lexington-Concord commemoratives and the new Battle of Burgoyne stamps are the best in design.

Some stamps, however, are quite deficient in pictorial effect and there are many ugly stamps in a collector's album, some from European nations and some from the South American countries and the United States for that matter.

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Our October Contents

Art and Poetry

Cover Design . . .	Walter Beach Humphrey
Ballad . . .	Edith Ballinger Price
	6
	Decoration by Henry Pittz

Stories

Curly Rides High	Thomson Burtis
	Illustrations by Fred C. Yohn
Tall and Skinny as a Beanpole	Clarice Detzer
	Illustrations by George Avison
Raquel of the Ranch Country	Alida Sims Malkus
	Illustrations by George Avison

Special Articles

In the Old Days	Anne Hyde Choate
	18
"I am a Girl Who ——"	Clara Elsene Peck
	28
When It's Girl Scout Week in Girl Scouting	Mary Briggs
	30

Our Merit Badge Pages

"Gertrude Hawley, She Plays Tennis" (Athlete) Helen Ferris	14
Illustrations by Harriet Moncure	
We Begin with Soup (Cook) Winifred Moses	16
Our Own Bookplates (Artist) Mabel Reagh Hutchins and Ilonka Karasz	22
Books the American Girl Has Helped to Make (Scribe) May Lamberton Becker	40

Our Girl Scout Pictures

All Together for "The American Girl"	26, 27
---	--------

Our Scribe's Corner

Because It's Our Magazine . . .	24
---------------------------------	----

Other Pages of Interest

At Twelve O'Clock on Hallowe'en	3
Along the Editor's Trail	5
Order a Story from Your Fa- vorite Author	29
Laugh and Grow Scout	47
When Stamps Are Your Hobby Osborne B. Bond	49
Our Puzzle Pack George Carlson	50

OUR PUZZLE PACK



Helpful Helen

Like many other Girl Scouts, young Miss Helen enjoys in making herself useful and helping her mother whenever she can. In the above scene where she is dusting the living-room furniture, everything seems normal—at least, at the first glance. However, there are fourteen mistakes in the picture. How many can you pick out?

An Enigma

I am composed of 28 letters:
my 1-14-4-13-3-19 is timid
my 10-21-9-15 is travel
my 2-27-22-6-12 is something to drink
out of
my 25-11-23-17 belongs to me
my 8-16-5 near fire
my 24th is a personal pronoun
my whole is a scout law

Sent by ANDRIA WHITE
Pine Cone Troop 3,
Hancock, Michigan



Making Diamonds

Form two diamonds of the figure (left) by changing the position of two matchsticks and adding one.
Magic, by WILL BLYTHE

"Want Ads"

The following words all begin with "ad"
A saying
A hard substance
To make suitable
A speech
To stick fast
To set right
Entrance to a mine
A naval officer
To regard with wonder
To take as one's own
To love
Floating at random
Council
A risky enterprise

By NELL LOUNSBERRY

Mary's Toll

Mary had a certain number of apples. Passing a toll bridge, she is asked to give half her apples and a half an apple as toll. She does. The same request greets her twice more, and she complies, but after giving to the third toll-collector, she has no more apples left. How many did she have to begin with? (She doesn't cut any or eat any.)

Sent by MARJORIE GOLDWASSER, NEW YORK

Acrostic

Rearrange the following letters to form the words defined so that the initial letters of each, in the order given, will spell the name of a popular AMERICAN GIRL author.

R-N-I-T-E-E-L-A-F-D-E—What children are supposed to be grown-ups.

L-R-D-E-A-E-M—A precious stone.

H-E-L-T-P-O-E-E-N—A convenience unknown to the Father of Our Country.

T-E-F-L-Y-U-L-Z-S—How we eat after an all-day hike.

L-E-B-M-M-E-S—What Girl Scouts work for.

W-N-O-N-R-E—One of the things worn by channel swimmers.

ANSWER TO LAST MONTH'S PUZZLES

WHAT AM I? Redheaded woodpecker



SCHOOL SUBJECTS:

SCAR
CORE
AREA
READING
IDEA
NEAT
GATE

CURTAILINGS: pane, pan; pith, pit; plane, plan

ENIGMA: Jam

WORD JUMPING: heat, beat, beet, belt, bolt, colt, cold

Have you sent in your ballot for the "What I Wish in my Magazine" Contest?



When You Help With The Dusting

WHEN a girl's mother asks her to share in the duties of the household, it isn't alone because she needs her help. She is looking ahead—helping her prepare, through these lighter tasks, for the bigger duties that will be hers when she has the responsibility of a home of her own.

Whatever tasks are yours, do them in a workmanlike way—just as you would want someone to do it for you, were it your home and your responsibility. If it is the dusting, when you have finished be able to say that every piece of furniture and wood-work, every hanging and lamp

and picture is thoroughly clean.

Does that sound like a big undertaking? Not if you use your head as well as your hands about your work. The Hoover Dusting Tools give the same scrupulous cleanliness to furnishings that the great Hoover cleaning principle "Positive Agitation" gives to rugs and carpets. Using them will help you learn one of the most important lessons you should know about housekeeping—efficiency.

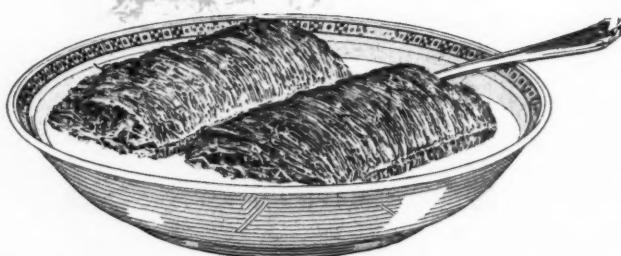
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